



SELECTED STORIES OF DOPPO KUNIKIDA

Mono Mitobe(Tr.)

SELECTED STORIES OF DOPPO KUNIKIDA

Mono Mitobe(Tr.)



SELECTED STORIES OF DOPPO KUNIKIDA

Mono Mitobe(Tr.)

ISBN : 4444006986542PB

First Published 1917, reprint 2019 in India by

**Facsimile Publisher
12 Pragati Market
Ashok Vihar, Ph-2
Delhi-110052, India
books@facsimilepublisher.com
www.facsimilepublisher.com**

SELECTED STORIES
OF
DOPPO KUNIKIDA

TRANSLATED
BY
MONO MITOBE M. A.



THE SHINCHŌSHA
Ushigome, Tokyo, Japan.

1917

INTRODUCTION.

Doppo Kunikida was born at Chōshi, Japan, in 1871. He was a student of the Waseda University, but was expelled when he was nineteen years old. All through his life he struggled with poverty, although he engaged in various professions such as teaching and journalism.

He was a Christian, and was steeped in English and Russian literatures. At the age of twenty-five he wrote his first short story, "Uncle Gen." He died when he was only thirty-seven. The number of his short stories amounts to about sixty-eight, and some of them are ranked among the first rate productions of the Meiji literature.

I have selected eleven of Doppo's stories and translated them into English. I have tried to be faithful to the original, but in

some parts I could do no more than to convey his general ideas. My labor will be sufficiently rewarded, if my translation arouses interest in the minds of our students of English and gives a glimpse of Doppo's works to English-speaking people.

MONO MITOBE.

43 Takada-oimatsu,
Kojihikawa, Tokyo, Japan.

June, 1917.

June 27, 1917.

To Whom it may Concern :

I have much pleasure in recommending for publication the translations submitted to me by Miss Mono Mitobe. The stories have interested me greatly and seem to be of a somewhat different type from those that have been translated hitherto.

F. N. SCOTT.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. The Sunrise	I
II. Stars	32
III. Extras	39
IV. Going Home Again	55
V. The Will of a Japanese Mother.	139
VI. Farewell	147
VII. A Phantom	183
VIII. Father and Daughter.....	197
IX. Poetical Ideas	220
X. My Sad Recollection of a Picture.	225
XI. Sir Tomioka.....	239

APPENDIX.

Notes for Japanese students	I—20
-----------------------------------	------

THE SUNRISE.

In honour of a certain LL.B. who was going abroad, a farewell banquet was held at the Maple Club in Sannai, Shiba. The people dispersed at about eight o'clock in the evening. A group of seven or eight gentlemen on their way home stopped at the Dōkō Club at Yazaimon street, Kyōbashi ward.

Except the one who accompanied Kosukegawa B.A., they were all members of the club. They were energetic, promising young men with degrees from first rate universities such as Harvard and Oxford. They sat round a table, expressing their opinions about politics, economics, prominent persons, and even theology. The smoke of their cigars was curling up. When the discussion became heated, high voices were heard mingling with the low ones. Once in a while they pound-

ed the table and stamped on the floor. A blast from the north whirled down the cold street, and struck at the window panes. Waiters were coming in and out of the room, serving refreshments and strong drink. A fire was blazing in the stove.

“From what school were you graduated?” asked a gentleman abruptly of the stranger. The gentleman was a graduate of the Higher Commercial School, and was now working for a certain company, and it was said he was a favorite of the board of directors of the company. Tired of listening to the selfish discussion, he wanted to change the topic of conversation. The gentlemen stopped talking as if they agreed with the young clerk. There were only three who did not pay any attention to his question: one of these was lying on a sofa, looking up at the ceiling vacantly with his sleepy eyes; one was smoking a cigar idly; one arose to open a

window for ventilation. But the rest of the gentlemen turned their eyes toward the stranger.

"I....." stammered the man, who appeared to be about twenty-seven years of age. He was dark complexioned, had an oval shaped face, ornamented by a moustache. He wore a hakama and haori while the rest of the gentlemen were dressed in foreign style. He was the head editor of the economical department of a certain newspaper, and was a candidate for member of Parliament for the coming general election. He had already been introduced to the gentlemen through Kosukegawa B.A. by the name of Shingo Kodama.

Kodama had not talked much since he had come into the club, but was smilingly listening to the discussion. He stammered when he was asked his school abruptly.

"Do you want to know the school from

which I graduated ? ” asked Kodama to renew the conversation.

“ Yes, your school. Is it the Mita or the Waseda ? ” asked the graduate of the Higher Commercial School, taking for granted that he had graduated from either the one or the other.

“ No, you are mistaken,” smiled Kodama.

“ Am I ? Then what school ? ”

“ The Ōshima school.”

“ What ! The Ōshima school ! I have never heard of it before. Is that the school in your native province ? ”

“ Yes, an elementary school in my native village, a private school.” said Kodama quite gravely, but the rest burst out laughing.

“ I don’t want you newspaper-man to tease me, as I am asking the question quite seriously,” said the gentleman who had graduated from the Higher Commercial School, and he threw toward the stove his burnt-out cigar stub.

“ I answer you seriously. It is a fact that

I graduated from the Ōshima school, but I did not intend to surprise you with my strange answer. Whenever any one asks me the school I graduated from, either I don't answer at all or I give the same answer I gave you."

"Excuse me, but is that all the education you have—did you not enter any other school besides the primary school?" asked an Oxford graduate sneeringly as he raises himself up on the sofa."

"No. I did not enter Oxford, Havard, the Imperial University, the Waseda, the Mita or the Higher Commercial School I only graduated from the Ōshima school in my native village. You may consider it strange, if I simply tell you in this way. But I am proud to say that I attended the Ōshima school. Unfortunately I could neither afford to study abroad nor enter a university. My education is incomplete, so to speak. However, I am not ashamed to say that I graduated at the

Oshima school even to those who have degrees after their names. It is quite natural that those who graduated at the Waseda, love their alma mater; and those who graduated from the Imperial University, love theirs. I love and am proud of the Ōshima school just as you feel proud of your schools."

"Oh, yes. I also love the primary school in my native province," said a Harvard graduate.

"And do you feel grateful that you graduated from that school?" retorted Kodama somewhat sharply.

"Yes."

"Why so?" asked Kodama with gleaming eyes.

"I am embarrassed by your serious question. I simply mean that I recall pleasantly the school where I spend my happy childhood," apologised the Harvard graduate, with an innocent smile.

"I understand you, if you don't mean anything more than that. You may think that I am deceiving myself or playing with words in saying that I am proud of the school where I was educated. I am not speaking with a frivolous mind by any means. Had any one of you attended the Oshima school you would have agreed with me. In Tokyo three are living who have attended the Oshima school. One has been working at the Japan Steamship Company since he graduated from the Mita University, one is a judge of the Local Court of Tokyo since he has received his degree of LL.B. These two just like myself feel thankful that they attended the Ōshima school. We three meet once a month, and spend a most pleasant evening." Kodama's every word expressed his sincere, earnest feelings; and the others began to listen attentively. The gentleman who graduated from Oxford University was the oldest of them all. He

seemed to be impressed with Kodama's words, and said :

" I suppose there must be some unusual characteristics in the Oshima school to have made such an impression on you. Won't you tell us about it ? Gentlemen, let us listen ! "

" Yes, Mr. Kodama, I hope you don't mind what I said a few minutes ago. Please tell us about the Ōshima school." The gentleman who graduated from Harvard agreed with him for the sake of peace.

" I will tell you if you want to listen to it. But I do not wish to force your attention to something which I realize cannot hold for you the interest that it does for me. Truth is different from popular fiction, as you know.' Here Kodama smiled and continued : " Fiction is interesting, but true stories are still more interesting."

" I am anxious to hear your true story," said the Harvard graduate eagerly.

"All right ! I will tell you about it."

When I was a child, I lived for a few years in a province with my parents. But when my father resigned his office, I returned to my native town, and entered the Ōshima school. The school was situated at the foot of a hill three or four blocks from the sea-shore. It was a plain, one-storied house which contained only four or five rooms. At first I was disappointed with the dingy appearance, for I was used to seeing fine school buildings in the other provinces.

My native town was the estate of a feudal lord of 20,000 koku.* It would be more proper to call it a small village than a town ; it lacked the means of communication and intercourse. One could not see here even the shadow of civilization which entered into every port and fishing village in the empire.

* Koku is a dry measure of 5 bushels for measuring grain.

But as I had no place to learn except the Ōshima school, I entered there, even though reluctantly.

The principal of the school was Shinichi Ōshima who was about twenty-seven years old. He was not very tall and was thick-set. His head was large compared to his height. He had a round face, smiling eyes, a high nose, and firm lips. There was a touch of tenderness, beneath his dignified expression. Children liked him well, as he was kind and friendly toward them. I studied in this school under his instruction for two years and a half until I was fifteen years of age. This is the time when boys are most mischievous, but, during these years, I imbibed the true spirit of education which laid the foundation for my future life.

Five days after my entrance I saw the principal on the recreation ground talking with a middle aged man. Together with the other

children I watched them, and I could not understand why the principal treated the man so politely. He acted as if his guest were a county chief, although he looked like a poor farmer, every inch of him. I could not help wondering at the manner of the principal, for I was used to seeing the worldly ways of people.

However, I inquired neither of my father nor my schoolmates about it; but, by and by I understood that the farmer was Gonzō Ikegami who was the founder, patron, and benefactor of the Ōshima school. His residence was in the pine woods about ten blocks from the school. He was a well-to-do farmer, having three granaries. You may wonder why the school was named after the principal instead of after the founder.

The Ōshima school had been established four years before I entered it, and the story goes back ten years before the foundation of

the school. The morning sun of a New Year's Day threw its first ray over the horizon, the clouds which spread out in horizontal layers were tinged to a golden color. The mountain peaks on the island off the coast were surrounded by purple clouds. Everything in the Universe seemed fresh and pure. A profound silence reigned along the seashore. One could not see even the shadow of a living thing except that of a group of plovers playing on the waves and flying from rock to rock. Yet, however inspiring the scene might be, one whose mind was sinking into the depth of disappointment, and was wandering in the shadow of darkness, would pay little heed to its fresh, delightful beauty. A pale-faced young man sighing dejectedly was crouching on a rock. He acted as if he might have made up his mind to something, but still he hesitated. He was surprised by footsteps, and turning, he saw an old man approaching.

"Look at the sunrise! What an awe-inspiring scene!" The young man gazed at the kind-faced old man until he finished the sentence. "Look quick! The sun is just rising!" and the old man looked out over the wide sea. Following him, the young man cast his eyes over the coast. The sun which looked like a big ball of reddish gold, though ready to burst out from the horizon, appeared to hesitate.

"Is it not a most awe-inspiring scene? We will get along all right in this world, if we don't forget the sunrise on a New Year's Day," said the old man as if he was greatly impressed, and he clasped his hands and bowed his head. The young man followed his example unconsciously. Immediately the sun left the horizon and the glorious light was shed over the sky and the ocean. The two stood looking at the scene in ecstasy.

"I am sixty years old, but I have never

seen such a beautiful sunrise. I hope I shall be able to see a still more beautiful sunrise next year. It makes me feel so good!" and turning toward the young man, he said:

"Where do you live?"

"I live in this village," replied the young man curtly.

"Do you come here every year to see the sunrise?" A smile crossed the old man's face.

"No."

"Then it is the first time you have seen the sunrise, isn't it? You know the maxim that the plan of the whole year is in the New Year's morning. Don't forget the sunrise of this morning! Alas! You don't look very well. I fear this depression will get the best of you. I am glad I had the opportunity of seeing the sunrise with you. Come home with me, and have New Year's breakfast!"

The old man went ahead, and the younger followed him silently. After going through

the sand hill and dark bamboo woods, they came to the Shizoku* residence. The old man's house was in its enclosure. If I tell you that the old man was Jinzō Ōshima, and the young man, Gonzō Ikegami; you may guess the rest of the story.

The old man had guessed at first sight the young man's decision to destroy himself, but he did not mention it. While the old man entertained the youth with Toso, he carefully gave him this advice. One should ever keep his vernal vigour like the morning sun rising from the horizon. He must get up at dawn, and see the sunrise; he must work until the sunset with heart and soul whatever his work may be. The sun rises every morning, so he must work every day. In doing so he will earn sweet sleep, and can see another sunrise next day. One day with work well done makes a life-time. We might say that man

* Shizoku is a caste in Japan.

is born when the sun rises, and that he dies when it goes to rest.

The old man's instruction was nothing new ; any man who knows the common truth of life would admit that. However Gonzō was greatly impressed with what the old man had said before he left his house ; and from that day Gonzō Ikegami began to live a new life.

Gonzō was healthy and energetic, but he had become a profligate, and lost the farm and house which were bequeathed to him by his father. His despair and ignominy made him think that he had nothing to do but to die. But now he became an entirely different man through the old man's instruction. He worked harder every day : not only did he work on the farm but he also burnt charcoal, cut timber, attended to silk worms, and wove cotton. He worked with all his might at anything which a farmer may find to do. In

five years he had his old farm back, he increased his fields, and made a mulberry garden, out of a deserted dale. Now he became one of the wealthy farmers in his village, but he worked just as hard as when he was poor.

When old Ōshima was dying, Gonzō went to him for his last word.

"Do you remember my advice about the sunrise?" asked the old man.

"Yes, I see the sunrise every morning."

"I am glad you have worked energetically, inspired by my instruction. Hereafter watch the beauty of the sun, and do a beautiful deed."

"Will you kindly tell me what is best for me to do?" asked Gonzō after thinking a while.

"You must think it out by yourself. Do any deed which you think to be as beautiful as you feel when looking at the sunrise. Do

you admire the beauty of the morning sun?" asked the old man with his eyes still closed."

"Yes."

"Then, do some good deed for which you will be admired by people."

"That is beyond my power," said Gonzō with bowed head.

"Have you lost the courage which you gained by looking at the sunrise?"

"Thank you, I see what you mean." Gonzō was so impressed that he could not raise his head for sobbing.

After Jinzō Ōshima's death Gonzō shut himself in his room, and looked very sad, as if he had lost his guiding star. But soon he recovered himself, and began to work harder than before.

Gonzō could not forget the old man's instruction even for a single minute. He had confined himself to his room to think out what he ought to do. He buried himself in prayer

before the morning sun; suddenly he was struck with an idea which so delighted him that he impulsively started to his feet.

"I admired Mr. Ōshima with all my heart. Yes, the best thing for me is to do a beautiful deed such as he did."

Gonzō then decided to build up a school, You may laugh at his simple decision, but you must remember that he was an uneducated farmer. I admire his simplicity and his integrity. No sooner had he made up his mind than he plunged into his task, working harder than ever for five years, at the end of which time he gave an elementary school to the son of Jinzō Ōshima. He called it the Ōshima school in memory of the late Ōshima and left its cares to the young Ōshima.

This is the history of the Ōshima school. But do not think that Gonzō Ikegami's plan had been completed with the establishment of the school. Had he not got Shinichi Ōshima

at the head of it, the school would not have been different from other schools. The young Ōshima had inherited his father's beautiful nature, and he was a more cultured man than his father had been. He conducted the school, and endeavored to make a second Gonzō out of each pupil. In this way Gonzō's plan, you see, was accomplished.

I still remember that at the time when I was away from school because of sickness, Mr. Ōshima called on me and encouraged me by saying :

"You must overcome sickness, not be overcome by it, for you have a bright hope in your future."

Mr. Ōshima was not a teacher of the old type. The essence of his instruction was "Try to be a useful man." It was his conviction that a man ought not to spend his life idly, but do something useful with all his might. One could die in peace, if he were

called a hero or a great man. A man cannot be more than a man, but, it is his duty to do his best. Having done his duty, he might be called a hero. This was well illustrated when the late Ōshima gave the advice to Gonzō. He made Gonzō a living specimen of his object lesson.

"Look at the sunrise!" is the sacred motto of the Ōshima school. The glory and magnificence of the morning sun explains the meaning of the motto. One who works harder every day, is practicing the idea of the motto. Mr. Shinichi Ōshima being a man of principle, with a kindly nature, was well qualified to assist the children to imbibe these ideas. He taught the children very earnestly, and seemed very happy.

I could not tell you in detail of my life at the Ōshima school. Last summer when I returned home, I found Mr. Ōshima a little older, but not changed in character and his

way of living. He was only about forty-three, just in the prime of life. It was not suprising, that, he had not lost in vigor and activity. I really admired him when I saw him enjoying his teaching, and noticed his simple way of living. The old fence had crumbled here and there, and the tiles of the roof were cracked. At first, sight it looked like a decayed temple with the mud wall covered with creeping vines. Old mulberries grew inside the mud wall. In the corner of the broken wall was standing an oak a hundred years old, and its shading leaves prevented the sunshine coming through.

I entered the old fashioned gate, walked up a little path in the mulberry garden, and stopped at the porch. The house having been rebuilt from old timber, looked very poor, and it contained only four rooms. Mr. Oshima used one of the rooms for his study, and here he had a few copies of recent

publications besides the text books of the school. An old basket full of beans had been put out on the veranda to dry in the sun, and queer looking plants in two pots were set beside the basket.

"How are you getting along with your work? Thank you for sending me newspapers. I noticed your essays in the papers." said Mr. Ōshima as soon as he saw me.

"My essays are hardly worth while, but they are my best.

"That's enough. You should be pleased if you have done your best, whether your paper was good or not. These days I feel more and more that a happy man is one who does his work gladly; splendid work is never done, if one does his duty reluctantly; he is most happy who does his work with his whole soul."

There was nothing striking in what he said. But when I came into personal contact

with him, and saw his way of living, I felt the pure, fresh power which he had instilled into old words.

He was supporting six members of his family (mother, wife and children with his salary of eighteen yen. He depended upon his scant means, his house and lot. His possessions were not worth even one hundredth part of those of Gonzo. He had made a kitchen garden out of the vacant ground at the back of his house, and had a few chickens to furnish him eggs enough for his own use. In front of his study was a small garden which he kept very clean. In this place the chickens were not allowed to run.

His way of living was by no means that of a great man, but he lived a true life. He was neither narrow-minded like a village pedant nor sacrificed himself for the sake of vanity. While I talked with him I thought with admiration, if I were asked to name a

man who lived a beautiful life, I would not hesitate to recommend him, for though he lived so plainly one felt his personality as soon as one came in contact with him.

The next day a messenger brought me a letter asking me to go to a picnic with his school children. I prepared at once, and went to his home at six o'clock in the morning. All day long I rambled about the mountain with the school children, and returned home at six in the evening. Mr. Ōshima spent his time for his children, and kept in contact with them even during the time of the summer vacation.

If you should ever visit my native village, I hope you will not fail to visit the Ōshima school. On the mountain near the seashore, you will see pines and oaks growing. The stone wall of the old castle still remains on the top of the mountain. At its foot is located the Oshima school from which I graduated.

Principal Ōshima is a man of good build, about forty years of age. He is teaching two hundred children with four or five teachers as assistants. Just as the power and beauty of the sun does not change, so the motto, "Look at the sunrise," does not change but ever inspires the whole school.

When Kodama finished his story, the gentleman who had graduated from Oxford said:

"I thoroughly understand the meaning of your talk. Indeed, the sunrise is power, beauty, and hope. You ought be proud of the Ōshima school from which you graduated. I should like to see Mr. Ōshima sometime."

"And I should like to see Mr. Gonzō Ikegami," said very seriously the gentleman who graduated from the Higher Commercial School.

"What is Mr. Gonzō Ikegami doing now?" asked the gentleman from Harvard University.

"I forgot to tell you about him. He is well. Although the Ōshima school is now supported at village expense, yet Gonzō Ikegami is the center of the economical activity in the village. Therefore we may well say that the protector of the school is the farmer Gonzō whose life was saved by Jinzō Oshima.

Gonzō is now the wealthiest man in the country; he is engaged in various lines of public work. However, you may be surprised if you see him. He is now sixty years old. But he gets up before the sunrise, and works hard until the sunset, just as he was accustomed to do when he was young. He never forgets the noble instruction of the old Ōshima by whom his life was saved, "Next year we want to see a more beautiful sunrise." Gonzō understands the meaning, and with unfaltering hope he works so hard that he is not conscious of growing old. One who

is not conscious of growing old, never gets old ; so I believe Gonzō Ikegami will never grow old until he dies, and then he will see a glorious light which is immortal.

In the alcove of Gonzo's room hang the old Oshima's portrait and the picture of the sunrise which was drawn by Shinichi Ōshima. In a room of the Ōshima school is kept Gonzō's portrait.

* * *

A week later graduates of the Ōshima school had a meeting at Kodama's house. When Kodama told them what had happened at the Dōkō Club, they simply smiled and did not say a word. Just (as usual they talked about sending their monthly presents to the Ōshima school. Their monthly presents were inexpensive things such as paper, ink, books and pictures. The most expensive thing that they had sent was an organ for school use. .

"What shall we send this time?" asked Kodama.

"Don't you think it is best to send books?" asked a judge.

"I have a good idea. The Japan Steamship Company has made new marine maps. What do you think of sending one of the copies to the Ōshima school?" The plan was presented by a clerk of the Japan Steamship Company.

"That will be nice. But have you any other good plan? What do you think of sending a picture?" said the judge.

"That's good. But most pictures are commonplace."

"To tell the truth a friend at London sent me some nicely printed pictures entitled, 'World's famous pictures.' I was thinking of sending them."

"That will be nice!" The two gentlemen approved his plan.

"As for the school song I don't think it is necessary. The motto, 'Look at the sunrise,' does the whole business. We may ask a poet to compose a song on the subject of the sunrise, but I believe no one except we graduates can understand the real meaning of the motto. What do you say about this?" They all agreed with Kodama, and so wrote a letter to principal Ōshima.

We do not approve your plan of composing a school song. There are many poets in Tokyo, but we believe no one except the graduates of the Ōshima school understand the true meaning of the motto. Leave it until a true poet shall come out of the Ōshima school. It would be useless, if the school should send out idle fellows while they sing the song of the sunrise. I hope you will kindly understand what we mean.

The three gentlemen signed their names, and sent the letter to Mr. Oshima. They soon received an answer from Principal Oshima which ran as follows :

Dear Friends :

I think you are right in your opinion. I will give up my plan about the song of the sunrise. I am ashamed that I had come to think of the form more than the idea, as I am used to the methods of teaching. I hope you will kindly advise me whenever you discover my faults.

I am as ever,

Yours sincerely,

SHINICHI ŌSHIMA.

STARS.

A young poet lived in the country not far from Tokyo. His cottage was at the foot of a hill. He had a yard, so large that it seemed out of proportion to his house. A pure stream ran through the yard from the hill, and trees grew wild. In spring cherry-trees and plum-trees were in full bloom. In summer the foliage became dark, and shaded the stream. In autumn maple leaves turned a beautiful red. It was very lonely in the later part of autumn when the cold wind began to blow. In winter when trees became naked, and there was nothing to cut off the view, one could see through the yard—at this time there was nothing green except proud-looking pines and cedars.

In the beginning of a certain winter, the poet with his old servant raked dead leaves, and piled them up at seven different places

on the bank. He left them in this way for twenty days. Hoarfrost began to fall on the piles. It would not be very long before the brook froze over. One Sunday evening the poet returned from a visit. He sauntered through the yard, singing in his clear voice —perhaps he was enjoying himself with his love song. The poet still had the blood of youth in his heart; he did not mind even the cold of a winter night. He was sensitive to joy and sorrow, and enjoyed composing and singing poems. The evening sky was high and clear. Stars were shining brightly. The poet strolled along the bank of the brook for a while. He called his old servant to burn one of the piles, and he entered the house. The night was deepening, and people were sound asleep. In the yard the fire burned brightly and was reflected in the water. The curling smoke hovered around the cedar woods, and looked like a heavy mist.

The night was far advanced. It seemed as if the sky was approaching the earth; stars, one by one, were coming down to the branches of the trees; dew-drops on the branches, one by one, were going back to the sky. A profound silence, reigned over the Universe. The smoke in the poet's yard alone was moving, rising higher and higher.

In heaven there lived young stars. They lived far distant from each other, but to those who fell in love, a journey of a million miles seemed very short: and they met every night; they came down to the earth, met in the corner of a mountain, on the waves of the ocean or on the bank of a mountain rivulet, and talked through the night. The lovers, who were not conscious of the time passing by, were surprised when Venus came up, and returned to the heaven hurriedly.

The lady star noticed quickly the smoke rising from the yard, and whispered to her lover:

"It is very cold this evening; frost is falling on the galaxy. Let us go to the yard where the smoke is rising, and talk while we sit near the fire."

Her lover smiled. So arm in arm, they groped along the smoke, and went down the yard quietly. From the gem on her brow shone out reddish rays, and from the gem on his brow, bluish rays. She was intoxicated with love, and was leaning on his shoulder. They talked until one pile of dead leaves burnt out, and returned to the western sky at day-break. This continued until Saturday night, the poet burning each night the piles of dead leaves. Each night the blue light and the red light were seen in the yard, but the poet never knew.

The poet burnt the last pile. When the slender smoke was rising up, the star with the red halo first came down to the yard. The lovers lingered a while, as it was the

last night that they could talk at the side of the cheerful fire. On their way home they stopped at the poet's room to express to him their gratitude. They found him in an innocent sleep, and were captivated with the noble, youthful expression of his face. At the head of his bed, volumes of the world's great poets were scattered around. She noticed an English verse, and read the line :

“My heart is in the mountain.” When it came to the line——“Farewell, ye the snow-covered mountain ;” she found the verse underlined with a red pencil. Tears lingered for an instant on her eyelids. “Young poet ! What a noble mind you have !” and she whispered something into the poet's ear. The lovers looking at each other, smiled. They kissed him on his soft cheek, and left saying “Pleasant dreams,”

The day dawned ; it was a Sunday morning. The poet recalled the dream of the

last night : he thought that a celestial maiden with a red light on her brow appeared, and beckoned him to come up to a hill. There she asked him quietly :

“What do you want, freedom or love?”

“Love is the blood of freedom, the wings of love are freedom ; so I want both.” answered the poet. The maiden smiled, and pointing up toward the western sky said :

“Look at it carefully,” and she went away.

As the poet recalled the dream, he got up at day-break, and went up to the hill. Turning his head toward the sky, he saw two little stars shedding a weak light near the horizon. As the eastern sky became tinged with gold, the light of the stars died away. The shady mountain appeared on the horizon, and the snow on the peaks began to melt. The poet looked at the scene as if in a dream, tears brimming his eyes. Who can understand the meaning of his tears? No

one but young people. Lovers long for the freedom which they cannot obtain on this earth. Whenever they look at the snow melting on the mountain they shed a tear, because the course of their love resembles the evanescent snow.

The poet raised his voice, and sang clearly the following line :

“My heart is in the mountain.” The tone of his voice became higher when he sang the last line: “Farewell, ye the snow-covered mountain.”

He gazed at the chain of mountains at a distance, as if he was longing for or complaining of something. He had dark hair hanging down on his shoulders, and his whole body was bathed with the sparkling rays of the morning sunshine. He looked like the incarnation of freedom, standing in the open air.

AN EXTRA.

Baron Katō in his shabby dress made his appearance in a hall to-night as usual. It was said among those who came into the hall that he was a little "crazy." I believe, however, there was none of them in the hall who had not sothe "crazy symptom." I was also affected with the mental disease, I was sure. What I called a hall meant the Masamune Hall, on a narrow side-street of no — Ginza. Those who are called men of wealth, and admitted themselves to be a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, or a liberal reader of adventurous business magazines, may have almost superhuman power over pecuniary affairs, and have no difficulty in getting first class liquor. But those who are as poor as we are cannot find any better place than the Masamune Hall. Indeed, we like the hall very much, for we can get there fairly good wine. They

don't sell pure wine in saloons in the city, you know.

Baron Katō shouted. What for? Because he wanted another bottle of wine, The sculptor, Nakakura pointed with his thumb—it meant also another bottle of wine. They were all toppers, but they were all right.

B. K. honored us with his presence to-night—B. K. is the abbreviation of Baron Katō. I said "he honored us" because he belonged to the nobility, and we, to the common class. However, when we sat around the table, there was no class distinction, but we were all equal, and enjoyed ourselves in criticism of the Tsukudani.*

"I am disheartened since there is no more war. Life seems so dull and monotonous to me now. Isn't there any plan to start a war?" said B. K. as usual. Since the treaty

* The Tsukudani is a preserve of sea-weeds.

of Portsmouth B. K. has complained of monotony of life.

The sculptor Nakakura was a great opponent of war. The other day he introduced a very interesting and original proposition :

"I would like to carve in marble a picture of two monsters, half human, half beast, fighting each other. On the circle of the marble stone I would like to represent their entangled hands. The meaning is that human beings never obtain a true freedom while they are quarrelling. War is, therefore, their prison which confines their freedom."

"Do just whatever you please!" said B. K. coldly.

The old Nakakura knew B. K.'s disposition, so he did not try to persue the subject any farther.

"I want you to carve for me something in marble. Can you guess what I want?" B. K. shot his arrow toward the sculptor.

"I suppose it is a cannon!" Nakakura was not easily defeated.

"You are greatly mistaken."

"Ah, I know now!"

"Then, what is it?" The question issued from the Baron this time.

Their conversation was interesting, and their appearance was strange. The Baron was a man of thirty years of age, tall, slim, and poorly dressed, but with a noble expression on his face. What a slovenly way of dressing! An old dress, a dirty collar, and hair not brushed! The sculptor was a man of forty years of age, and boldheaded; dressed a little better than the Baron, but not much different. You may wonder why they were in foreign clothes, for they would look much neater in Japanese costume. However, do not blame them too much, because they had once been abroad, and understood a foreign language. One was affecting the

air of Voltaire and Rousseau; the other, Raphael. I, myself, was putting on the air of a Carlyle, and a Zola was smiling in the corner of the room. If the sarcastic Watanuki Ph.D. had been present, the conversation would have become still more intricate.

"I can guess what you want," shouted the sculptor innocently, whose name had become well known to the public since he had made the bronze of a certain Marquis who served in concluding the peace treaty at Portsmouth.

"Oh, no. You cannot guess," said B. K.

"Then you had better tell it yourself," retorted the sculptor.

"I can tell you." I exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked the Baron with his peculiar, meaningless voice.

"You want Mars' statue, I guess."

"Oh, no."

"In other words you want your own statue carved."

"Yes, yes. You've got it. Mr. Nakakura, won't you make a bust for me? I believe it would not be a difficult task for you since you have seen me every evening, and my image must already be impressed on your mind."

"You had better inscribe on the bust this title, 'An Advocate of War.'" said I.

"I believe it is more proper to say a god who took the side of those who are defeated," said Nakakura cleverly making the point which I had wanted to make but could not express clearly.

"Please don't bother yourself with this discussion, as I have my own idea about the matter. By the by I should like to have your consent, Mr. Nakakura."

"Yes, certainly. I would rather work for you than for noblemen. You belong to our party, do you not? All right, sir. I can easily make the bust. It will be interesting. I am sure it is an easy job for me to

make a bust of you, but....." Prof. Nakakura turned his eyes toward the watchman of the 'metre glass'—the professor wanted the man to pour for him another glass of wine. "But sir, how-about the inscription? What do you say about it?" asked the sculptor.

"Did I not tell you that I have my own idea about it. You do not need to trouble about it yourself," said the Baron.

"However.....Pshaw! I've changed my mind. I am not going to make a bust of you. Too much bother! What do you say to this, Mr. Mitsudani?" Prof. Nakakura accosted me. He was a little elated in spirit.

"Good evening," a gentleman in foreign clothes entered. He was a small man with a big voice. He sat down at our table, and bowed slightly. None of us returned his salute however, as we were accustomed to do. He was the editor of the news column

of a certain newspaper company in the vicinity. He was agreeable and fond of drinking.

"Yes, you had better tell us your design, Mr. Katō. Hurry up! If you displease Mr. Nakakura, you can do nothing." I stirred up B. K.

"I want you to inscribe on this bust 'Extra.' No word can express my idea better than this. Because my life has been lived in 'Extra.' I shall die, if they do not issue any more extras of war. Ah, what shall I do hereafter?" a sad, painful expression overshadowed the Baron's face. Indeed, it was a question if the Baron could do anything. He was the poorest among those who had the title of baron, yet he had means enough to get along comfortably. He lacked nothing in order to live his eccentric life, and lived it idly. He had found out the true meaning of life at the time of the

Russo-Japanese War, or we might say that he found at that time the true subject of life, the thing to live for, because people joined their effort with unanimous determination to meet the need of their country. Now people have become selfish since the peace treaty was concluded at Portsmouth. They are selfishly occupied with their business just as they were before the war had broken out. The Baron drank wine in despair. He looked bored like an archer who had lost a target to shoot at. No wonder that the Baron was disappointed; no wonder that he had become an advocate of war. "Extra!" Indeed it would be the best word to inscribe on a bust of the Baron.

"Mr. Nakakura, you will not object to my proposition about the inscription, will you? I should be pleased if you carved a bust of me while I am reading an extra like this." and the Baron began his reading.

"The third report : dispatched at 3.05 p.m. on the 28th of April, and arrived at 9.25 p.m. on the same day. The enemy is continuing its work along the Ai ho on the north of Kiuling-chang. On the 28th we made occasional attacks upon the enemy. On the 26th we captured six living horses and ninety-five horses which had fallen at the bank of the Kiuli-island."

"Just think, this was the prologue of the victory at the Yalu River. How happy I was at that time! My heart throbbed, anxiously waiting for the victorious news." and he began to read another extra.

"Among those who died in battle, Junior Captain Hirose, and the Head of Warrent Officers Sugino in the Fukui Maru, were most heroic in their last moments. When the Fukui Maru was about to drop anchor, the officer Sugino went down to the stock in order to light a bomb. Just at the moment

a fish-torpedo discharged by the enemy struck the ship, and Sugino disappeared forever. Junior Captain Hirose sent all the crew to the boats, but as he missed Sugino he went into the ship three times to hunt for him. However, as the ship was sinking and water had reached the deck, he left reluctantly, and went down to a boat. As he was about to retire from the place where bullets were thick, a big bullet struck him in the head, and his body fell into the sea, leaving a piece of his flesh on the boat."

"Are you listening to me?" asked the Baron, but some paid no attention, as they were used to his reading extras. He was very earnest however.

"What is your impression of this phrase — 'His body fell into the sea, leaving a piece of his flesh' — What a heroic death! Tears come to my eyes whenever I read this sentence." Slowly he swung his body with his

eyes closed, either because he was intoxicated or because he was much impressed. Probably this was a most joyous moment for him. After a while he opened his eyes and said :

"But everything is up now ! The war is over ! When I read the old extras, I feel suddenly old as if my last year is approaching."

"There ! There !" The old Nakakura broke out with a sudden impulse. "It will be interesting to inscribe on the bust 'Extra.' You are an extra yourself. In other words you are an extra of men, an extra of men who read extras "

"What do you mean by that ?" inquired the Baron.

"I was struck with your expression when you laid down the old extras before you in such a dejected manner. I have an idea that in making this bust I shall copy that downhearted expression."

"No, thanks. I don't want you to do so,"

and the Baron began to read one of the official reports which he knew by heart.

"On receiving an alarm that a hostile vessel has appeared, our combined fleet is just about to go out and attack her. The weather is fine and clear, but waves are high." My heart leaps whenever I read this. Please make the bust, a memorial of my happy expression when I read this.

Mr. Nakakura kept silent smilingly for a time, but spoke at last.

"It is not only you but we all feel happy when we read that report. It is nothing strange. You don't need to trouble this capital hand for such a common-place subject! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why? I don't quite understand you." spoke up the eccentric man sharply.

"You look quite disappointed since they have issued no more extras about war. That's the way you feel, isn't it?"

"You are right in saying so." I approved.

"Are you not disappointed at all, then?"

B. K. seemed much dissatisfied.

"How about yourself?" asked Nakakura turning toward me. I did not know how to answer. But as I had some ideas about Baron, Katō, I said:

"Well, I might say that we are disappointed in some way or other, because we are now so cold toward others, and we don't think of anything but ourselves since the peace treaty at Portsmouth."

"There you see! It is not only I, but also everybody who is disappointed. If you think it is too common to make a statue with a happy expression, so it is also common to make one with a disappointed expression. What do you say, Prof. Nakakura?" asked the Baron with a triumphal expression.

"But you go to extreme in saying that I have no joy since they have issued no more

extras about war." Nakakura was right in his judgment.

"Then you want to make me the representative of those who are down-hearted, do you not?" the Baron's question was rather startling.

"Yes, therefore you are our 'extra,'" answered the ready-witted Nakakura.

B. K. rising suddenly from his seat, "You are quite right, Prof. Nakakura. Please make the bust showing the disappointed expression. 'Extra' is a very interesting inscription for the bust." The Baron seemed very well satisfied.

We talked and drank for an hour. The old Nakakura first took leave. B. K. began to doze, laying his head on the table, so I left the hall.

Ginza street was just as usual, but I felt lonely in passing through the street. From the year 1904 to the year 1905 people were

so friendly that they accosted one another on passing by, but they are strangers now, I thought B. K. was quite right in his impression. "Is there no other means which makes us unselfish and causes us to work with such unanimous determination?" I said to myself. (Of course I did not like war itself.) I walked the street while I was pondering upon the problem.

GOING HOME AGAIN.

I.

I simply told my mother that I was going to my native village to visit our family grave; I took it for granted that she knew all that was in my heart.

"May I go with you?" She asked me.

"You returned home two years ago, and you want to go again this year." said I. As soon as the words left my lips, I regretted my coldness toward my mother. But she looked at me with a smile as though she did not mind my wilfulness. In the evening she went down town to get some presents for our relatives, so that I could start at once. There was one thing, however, that I bought without her knowledge, and I hid it at the bottom of my trunk. This was not because I purchased an expensive article, but I was afraid to say: "I am going to take it to Aya San."

II.

A sultry summer cloud threatened a rain. I arrived at the Shimbashi station a little before the time for the train, so I loitered round the station. Some one patted me on the shoulder. Turning round, I saw the lively Maeda whose native village was the same as mine, and who was a lawyer by profession.

"Where are you going?" asked Maeda.

"I am going back home for a few days."

"By yourself?"

"Yes."

"And you are coming back to the city with your sweetheart, aren't you?"

"Nonsense!"

"Please give her my kind regards, I shall have the pleasure of seeing her when you bring her up to Tokyo."

"Stop your nonsense!"

"You cannot come to our meeting the day after to-morrow, I suppose."

"No, I have already sent them a note; but give them my best wishes, won't you?"

"Certainly, I will." and he smiled significantly. He left me, swinging his cane.

"He will surely tattle about 'us' at the meeting." I thought to myself, as I watched him depart; but there was no unpleasant feeling in my heart.

Street lights began to shed their rays. It was going to rain. A rush began when a train arrived from Yokohama. Holding a cigarette between my teeth, I was absently watching the people bustling around. The heat was intolerable because of the throng of people, but I was relieved occasionally when a cool breeze with sprays of rain dispelled the growing sultriness. I forgot everything for some moments.

III.

The train was not crowded, so I had plenty of room to lie down. Passengers closed the windows on the windward side lest the rain come in. It was so close that I could hardly breathe. A foreigner sitting in a corner frowned. I opened a window at the back a little, but I had to close it again immediately, for the drenching rain splashed from off the Shinagawa coast.

"This is but a shower; it will soon clear up." said some one at a little distance.

The rain had slackened as the train passed through Ōmori. People opened the windows hurriedly; the last sprinklings of the shower came into the coach. The passengers looked at each other as though they were glad to get fresh air again. Some began to light their cigarettes, but nobody spoke.

I looked out of the window. The dark blue

sky appeared from the rifts of the clouds, and little stars twinkled in it. The flickering village lights shone out from thatched cottages scattered here and there. The varied tones from the croaking of frogs were heard from rice-fields. A fresh, cool breeze brought into the train a scent of rice in blossom.

"The smell of rice! Indeed, I am going home!" I said to myself. "How I do love this scent!" and I breathed in fully this peculiar, fresh fragrance.

Four years ago I returned to my native village. The young man of twenty-three has become a gentleman of twenty-seven. This makes a great difference. Four years ago I had just graduated from a school, and returned home with a feeling of pride. Buoyant with an irresponsible boyish gayety I rambled along the sea-shore, over the hills and beside the rivers for the whole summer. I am expecting to spend a pleasant summer this

year too, but I am twenty-seven years old, and a man of a respectable profession in Tokyo; I should not be so boisterous as I was four years ago. Really I am old enough to get married. Yes, I am going to my native village with the purpose of getting a wife.

"Do you think things will go as you expect?" Fate whispered to me.

IV.

I took out a pneumatic cushion from my portmanteau, and put a hand-kerchief over my face, intending to sleep for a while. To tell the truth I wanted to leave my feelings at the mercy of my sweet imagination.

"As I am twenty-seven, Ayako must be nineteen. I can hardly realize that she is a young lady nineteen years old, but this is a fact—surely she was fifteen years old four years ago. My aunt said that she would be

the prettiest among her five sisters. Those pretty eyes ! I wonder whom she took after in her eyes ! All her sisters are good natured. They resemble their mother in disposition. Their father is a good honest man, too, but I am afraid he is a little obstinate."

I tried to bring Ayako into my imagination, but her image did not come out clearly. I saw her large eyes which are as calm as the sea of Suō and long eye-lashes, but I could not see her face distinctly, it was as though it was enveloped in a mist. Meanwhile my aunt's pleasant, round face appeared in the mist. She looked at me with a smile, and addressed me in her usual self-possessed manner.

"Mineo, Mineo ! Don't hang round in the train, but come back right away ! I am waiting for you !"

I thought I was flying in the air, looking down Sekigahara, Lake Biwa, Osaka city,

the sea of Harima, and the sea of Mizushima far below me. A noise woke me up. The train had stopped. A drowsy voice called :

"Kōzo ! Kōzu !"

"Am I still at Kōzu?" I said to myself, and dropped asleep at the moment.

V.

Next day I got off at Kobe to transact a little business, and from thence I took a night train. This time I had naval officers for fellow passengers who seemed as old as I was. They began their endless gossip. Perhaps a glass of brandy had had an immediate effect upon them to tempt them to talk so boldly ; some made the comparison of the Eastern squadron of the world powers, some boasted of their exploits at the battle of the Yellow sea, some complained of their slowness in promotion and said : "Just think how many years it takes to get to be a

captain from a midship man,—not to speak of becoming an admiral ! ”

“ Don’t you know that there are some who are merely sub-lieutenants, yet who get married and prepare themselves for their old age ? ” said a young navy officer.

“ They must be easy-going men. ” said I, looking at his ruddy face, high nose, sparkling eyes and sparse moustache.

“ Yes, they are easy-going men. But they had better not have enlisted in the navy, if they wanted to live an easy life. Wives, indeed ! Do you think we sailors need them ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” He laughed loudly in a cheerful manner characteristic of navy officers. Pulling out his watch, he said to himself : “ It is ten o’clock already, I must get some sleep. ” As he was about to lie down, he looked at me. “ Eldest sons usually lead an easy life, they are dutiful to their own parents and obedient to their wives.

I presume you are one of the eldest sons." and he smiled. I liked very much the innocent expression of the young officer. Gradually he began to close his eyes, and finally dropped his cigar stub from his hand. "I am sleepy ! Excuse me, people. I want to sleep !" and the future admiral lay down on his back, and fell into a pleasant sleep.

I threw out a cigar stub vehemently, and looked out at the sky. A cool night breeze entered fluttering through a window. My head which was dizzy from the effect of brandy and excessive talk responded to it with a slight shudder of delight. The eastern sky above the woods tinged to red, and the moon was about to appear. The unclouded sky stood, inconceivably immense with twinkling stars. What a calm summer night ! Farmers' houses near the railway track passed away quickly into the darkness. I could hear the monotonous sound of the

train intermingled with the croaking of frogs through the night. I gazed at the eastern sky, and waited for the moon's looming up.

In the beginning of the autumn in the year 1894 when I was sent out to Hiroshima to attach myself to the Imperial Headquarters, I passed through this very place on a night train. At that time my spirit was elated, as if I were climbing up a mountain with the joyous expectation that the range of my vision would widen, yet as if my heart were haunted by a fear, for there might be a volcano on the top. At this time I felt as though I were rowing down a placid river on a bright moonlight night with the happy prospect of arriving at a small, quiet harbor. In spite of such a difference in the states of my feeling, it seemed as if there was a deep significance connecting the autumn of two years ago and the night of this year.

Suddenly the moon disappeared as the

train rounded the foot of a mountain. Leaning against the window I entered into meditation, and looked unconsciously at the dark shadow of the mountain.

A feeling of sorrow always goes with happy recollections: I might compare this feeling to the mist which covers beautiful flowers. The dimmer the mist the deeper the feeling. When I recalled the joyful trip of two years ago, I could not help thinking of my dear mother whom I left in Tokyo, and my beloved father who passed away ten years ago, and my intimate friends: the feelings of joy and wistful sadness mingled in my heart. This resembled so nearly the scene of this summer night, so clear, so serene yet somewhat sad. Now I became so sleepy that I could hardly keep awake any longer.

"Aren't you asleep yet?" the navy officer called to me in a drowsy voice. I lay down, and instantly fell asleep.

VI.

I arrived at Hiroshima in the morning, and sailed from Ujina in the evening. When I heard the people on the deck speak the peculiar soft patois, I felt as if I had already arrived home. It seemed as though the ship were sailing on a lake in the mountains. A delicate bluish haze hung around the foot of little islands. The sky was high and clear. The sun had just disappeared leaving pale streaks on a space of the western sky which was hardly distinguished from the pale blue water, and on its surface Hesperus was shedding his bright rays. Toward his long trailing light the ship turned her bow. As she moved along, the island in view approached her slowly. There was no wind, yet the sea breeze blew straight in one's face as the ship went on. The pure, fresh air flooded the sea which was dotted with white sails. It

was about ten o'clock when I arrived at Yanaitsu. I knew I should not be able to be at my aunt's until midnight even though I rushed on by a jinrikisha, for my native village was still five miles distant. I did not like to disturb my aunt at so late an hour, so I spent the night at Yanaitsu, and started early the next morning.

When I passed over the summit of the Taburogi mount, I could see faintly the pine woods on the hill behind my old home. The current of water is running from the inlet of Mizuba to the calm sea of Suō which ends at the distant horizon. The white smoke is rising from the salt beach, and reflecting the morning sunshine. Looking over the extensive field of young rice I addressed the jinrikisha man :

"How will the crops of this year be?"

"Splended, sir!" replied the man cheerfully as he ran on. The reeds at the way-

side sparkled with morning dews. I crossed the Yakai river which runs into the inlet of Mizuba, turning to the right. The jinrikisha man toiled slowly up the sloping bank until the path became so narrow that carriages could not go through. Then I got down from the jinrikisha. Meanwhile, a small lonely valley surrounded by high hills on three sides came in sight. This is my birth place. In the inner part of the valley close by the foot of the hill, is a white plastered house enclosed by a stone fence. This is the house where I was born.

I entered the gate. As I put my foot on the stone steps, I heard a rooster crowing lustily. The house seemed very quiet. I felt as though some mysterious power were pulling me back. I stood still and listened.

VII.

My aunt was not at home. Omitsu, a

maid, told me that she had gone to Ogawa's at Marifu, and was expected to return to-day. Ogawa at Marifu was Ayako's home. The Yoshioka (to which I belonged), the Kondō (to which my aunt belonged), and the Ogawa had been associated with one another just like relatives. It was usual to stay over a night when they visited each other. No doubt my aunt had called on the Ogawa on my account. Three days before I left Tokyo I had written my aunt about my visit, and had asked her if I could spend this summer in the detached room of Ogawa's house, which filled the foreground looking over the sea. I had intended to stay over a night at Kobe, but my business was completed sooner than I had expected, so I arrived at my aunt's one day earlier than they were looking for me. I was sure that my aunt would return home in the afternoon, as she was expecting me in the evening or the next morn-

ing. But I was so eager to see her that I asked a young man of the village to fetch her for me.

My aunt is my father's sister. She was left a widow when she was thirty-three, and never married again. She is now forty-four, and with her only son lives a peaceful life, deriving a comfortable fortune from her forests and rice-fields. Since our family has moved to Tokyo she has been living in our old house to take care of Yoshioka's property. She has a fair round face, and is rather short. She is gentle, discreet, and loves me as if I were her own child. With pleasure she is looking forward to the growth of her boy so that she shall be able to send him to Tokyo to study under my care. I have always had great confidence in my aunt. Concerning Ayako I had at one time given a hint to my aunt indirectly. I am sure my sagacious aunt guessed all about my love for Aya.

I wanted to see my aunt. I wanted to see her kind face immediately. But she was at Ogawa's for the night. With what sort of expression would she greet me when she came home? What report would she bring to me? When I thought about these matters, my mind was not at rest, I could not wait for my aunt's return quietly. I changed my foreign clothes for a loose Japanese summer gown, and rushed out to the yard.

VIII.

I drew out cold water from a deep well, washed my head, and rubbed my body with a drenched towel. I felt the cold penetrating to my stomach when I drank a mouthful of the fresh water. A grape-trellis stretched over from the roof of the well to that of the barn. Rich clusters of grapes were hanging down, and the slanting rays of the morning sun trembled between the delicate shadows

of the leaves. A cock came stalking out tranquilly from a bamboo-grove, and a group of hens and chickens trailed after him. Cicades began to sing cheerfully in the woods and in the bamboo-grove. The sun was aglow with fire. Over the clear sky the high blue clouds were hardly stirring. This was a true summer day ! I felt vigorous and full of life.

I went out through the postern, and found a little path leading toward the hill close by, where were pine-trees whose trunks measured more than the reach of a man's arms, whose branches stretched upward as if they were protecting my house. This was the pine woods which I had seen from Taburogi slope on the way home from Yanaitu. This was but a small hill which was only a few hundred paces from the foot to the top, but all the happy recollections of my childhood were connected with it. I caught a woodpecker, and played "hide-and-seek" on the

hill. So many mornings I had gone up there mushroom hunting! One evening I had climbed up to the top, and sat down on the brink of the western cliff to watch the golden sun dipping his face behind the Marifu coast. Sometimes I had played there a 'mimic battle' with my school mates. I recalled that early one autumn, a terrible hurricane had struck this district, and broken down fences and grape-trellises. A few of pine-trees on the hill which had faced so many storms were torn up by the roots. When then storms had passed over I had run out hallooing, and found the fallen pine-trees. One of the pines looked like a log-bridge. I took off my clogs,* and began to cross it like an acrobat. However I was soon called back by my father, and was obliged to stop this sport. The next day my father sent for a sawyer to cut up the

* Clogs are a foot-wear of Japanese.

log. Oh! Dear woodland! In your shelter, I have played many games in my childhood. How often does my heart turn to you when I am annoyed with the fretful thoughts and weary work of the city!

"Omitsu!" I called to the maid. "I am going up to the hill; give me a signal by striking boards together when my aunt comes home!" Highlanders strike boards together for a signal.

The top of the hill was flat. The gnarled roots of pines crawled around like snakes. On the north-western sides one could get a fairly good glimpse of the low country. There was a big pine root on which I had played horse when I was a small boy. I sat down on the root, and felt more like myself.

"Two days ago I was in Tokyo, rushing round seeking after an object in the future, but now I am at my native village, and am

sitting on the root of the old pine-tree. I feel that I have entered the peaceful world of vision from the noisy world; or I am awakened from a strange, oppressive dream, and a long pleasant day has come back to me."

As I was about to sink into vague meditation, I was called by some one. Turning round I found Unosuke, a young man of the village who was about my age.

"When did you come back, sir?"

"This morning."

"Are you going to stay here for quite a while?"

"All summer. Everybody is well at your home, I suppose?"

"Thank you, sir."

"Is Tokuzō well?" I recalled Tokuzō whenever I saw Unosuke. They were as intimate as brothers.

"He went to Hawaii last spring."

"Well ! Well !"

"Kikuzō also went over there."

"I see !"

"too am thinking of going there."

"Come over some evening, so we can talk more !"

Unosuke had gone. Labor emigration to Hawaii ! I had heard of "the emigration craze," but did not realize that so many young men of the village were going out. Some of them strayed away to America, no one knew of their whereabouts. Many a tragedy was connected with "the emigration craze." "Find your home in the wide world !" Indeed, a fine phrase ! I doubt, however, if it is really good for them to be tempted with this vague notion that the almighty dollar lay in foreign lands when they could enjoy a peaceful steady life right in their own country.

"Why are they discontented ? Are they

not satisfied with this quiet village blessed with the beauty of nature, and a mild climate?" Suddenly my conscience called me to reflect upon myself. "Am I not one of the discontented men? What is the difference between going to Hawaii and going to Tokyo?" The love for simple, quiet rural life; the aversion to vain, luxurious city life which had lurked within me burst out like a fire: meanwhile I had forgotten about my aunt and the sweet Ayago. Suddenly the signal of the boards sounded hard and hurriedly. I descended the hill as if I had been rolled off by some one.

IX.

My aunt received me in her usual kind manner.

"I thought you would not come until to-night or to-morrow morning."

"I intended it so, but I got my business done at Kobe one day sooner than I had expected, so here I am."

The usual words of greeting were exchanged.

"You have grown up to be a man with a moustache," said my aunt, as she poured out a cup of tea for me.

"Why, auntie! I am twenty-seven already. If you think I look funny with my moustache, I'll shave it off."

"Don't take off such a fine moustache, dear." and she smiled.

"If you laugh at me, I'll shave it off to-night."

"And your neck is sun-burnt."

"For goodness sake! What shall I do with my neck?"

However funny the situation might be my aunt never laughed loudly, but only smiled. She did not look like a woman of forty-four

when she smiled. She was just as young as I had seen her four years ago with her plump face, fair complexion, and rosy cheeks. She looked at me with a pleasant expression in her eyes, and said :

"The folks of Ogawa asked me to remember them to you."

"Did they? Are they well?"

"Yes, they are all well, and are anxious to see you."

"How about the room of which I wrote to you?"

"I am sorry, but the room will not be ready for you for about a week."

"Why so?" I was surprised.

"A guest from Korea is staying in the room you asked for," said my aunt with a serious expression on her face.

"Who is that fellow from Korea?" Why did I ask such a foolish question? Ogawa carried on a trade with Koreans. He had

not only friends but also relatives who lived at Seoul. A good many people of Marifu village emigrated to Korea. There were four or five traders besides Ogawa who engaged in Korean trade, and each owned a few ships from fifty to ninety tons. The name of Korea did not sound exotic at Marifu; the place even seemed nearer to them than Tokyo and Osaka. Seven tenths of the inhabitants of Umajima Island which had been annexed by Marifu authorities, and which was within a few minutes' sailing of the Marifu littoral, emigrated to Seoul and Chemulpo. Judging from these circumstances it was nothing strange that Ogawa had a guest from Korea —perhaps he was one of his relatives. I entertained, however, a kind of irritated feeling toward that guest from Korea; and did not hesitate to use the contemptuous expression, "fellow."

"I have no positive knowledge of him, but he seems to be a very important personage to the folks of Ogawa, for they pay every attention to him."

"Do you think he is one of their relatives?"

"No, I don't think so. Otsune San did not tell me the details, but I presume he is one of their customers."

"Is he alone?"

"No, he is with a man who seems to be his clerk."

"Can you guess how old he is?"

"I scarcely saw him from a distance yesterday evening when he was walking on the beach—he seems to be a young man." My aunt said this unconscious of its effect, but a feeling of disgust arose within me. Now I did not want to go to Ogawa. I longed to say I would not go to Ogawa to spend the vacation, but I was not quite

courageous enough, so I repeated the same question which was needless.

"How long will he stay?"

"I told you that the folks expected him to stay a week, but there is no knowing if he will leave to-morrow or not."

"There is no need to wait for Ogawa, I might as well ask Asada to spare a room for me."

"But the folks of Ogawa expected you. They say you may come to-morrow, and stay with them in the main building while the detached room is occupied."

"Did they say that?" I felt a little better. I decided to wait until the guest from Korea should leave, for I knew the main building was too small even for their own use.

Leaving that matter aside I could not quite understand why my aunt did not say anything about Ayako. I felt as though our

conversation were not quite up to the mark, but I did not dare to ask about her. In the afternoon I talked over with my aunt the distribution of the presents which I brought with me. I sent out a messenger with the presents to four or five families to whom I was related. One of the girls of Ogawa was married, so I sent my presents to the four. There was one article which I had brought with me without my mother's knowledge, and I still hid that at the bottom of my trunk, and did not show it to my aunt. I wanted to give it to Ayako myself.

X.

Another day had come. After lunch, my aunt, and maids and servants, choosing their own cool places, entered upon a pleasant siesta—as highlanders were wont to do. There^a was scarcely a single person out in the fields and hills. Indeed, this was a very

quiet time in this district. My aunt advised me to take a nap, and fixed a place for me in a small cool room. However I was not disposed to sleep, for I was not used to midday naps. I went out for a stroll with a few books in my pocket. As I had a loose summer gown on, the fresh breeze entered my breast freely.

The glory of the ripening summer had attained its height. The hot sun flashed forth its radiant rays right above me. However the heat was not uncomfortable to me; I was rambling round the highland. This was the time when I was prompted to praise the beauty and glory of summer. My spirit was elated with inspiration, my heart fluttered with joy. I strode on with the decisive air of a man of principle. Whenever I recall this quiet walk on the pleasant summer day, I cannot endure the din and dust of the city, and

my imagination flies away to this dear highland.

I mounted to the highest hill in the vicinity which was called "High Tower" whose crest was covered with dwarf pines. In less than ten minutes I ascended its top which gave the finest view.

My view was unhindered down a smaller hill on whose top a few old pine-trees coiled, and whose foot was encircled by a forest. Now I enjoyed a bird's-eye view of my native village. At the south side stood a mountain above the clouds, and from its ranges I could see the ocean far away. I could not help admiring the beautiful, tranquil and fruitful scene of my native village upon which Nature bestowed her gifts most freely. I thanked God for His blessing, and turned my steps toward the hill beyond.

I sat down on one of the pine roots, and took out a book from my pocket. Looking

up at the mighty orb, I found no cloud stirring. It was as though it were covered with steel. Helios gazed down on the earth to stimulate every thing in the Universe. Gray vapors arose from drowsy, intoxicating, green leaves. It seemed as though the spirit and energy of the things in the universe were shown at their utmost. Suddenly there was a voice in the silence. I listened. It was the wind passing over the branches of a pine-tree. But I thought the sound was wafted from somewhere afar off; it was much fainter than the rustling sound of the chilly wind in a winter night.

The book I brought with me was *Rasselas*, one of my favorite books. I had read it many times but never got tired of it. Now my imagination flew away to the "Happy Valley" of Abyssinia. I was impressed with the literary style of Johnson which is as quiet as the spring sea covered with a haze,

and I forgot the time passing^{*} by. You know we young people are not satisfied with our present happiness and seek after the source of all happiness.

"Where is the Happy Valley?" Unconsciously raised my head, and entered into a meditation with my eyelids half closed. The sun began to move westward, but the glory of the summer sun was at its zenith, sending forth radiant crimson rays. A piece of silvery cloud moved slowly. Weeds, trees and mountains all seemed to be enchanted by the magical power of the glaring sunlight. In the woods skirted the hill, little cicades sung with a dull, monotonuous, trailing sound. I felt as though I were pressed by a strong power which withstood all human interference.

"Yes, where is the Happy Valley?" and I raised myself up. Still meditating I began to walk with great strides, being in the same mood as in the morning.

"Am I mistaken if I think real freedom is true happiness? Is it not best for me to live in the country and enjoy real freedom? I have ample means to live, in other words, I am allowed a freedom in the way of living. I like reading, in other words, I am allowed intellectual freedom. I live amid the beauty of Nature, in other words, I am permitted to enjoy spiritual and physical pleasures."

Nature has bestowed upon me these gifts. Why did I give up these privileges, and throw myself into the dust of the city? I can devise such fine excuses as "for the sake of business," "to fulfill my duty," "to increase the wealth of our country," "for the sake of humanity, etc." It is right to practise these principles with a right motive. But I hope I shall never be a hypocrite and deceive myself as well as others. Had I ever lived in the city without restraining my freedom? Never! I was

either the slave of vanity or that of luxurious pleasures. My sight was beguiled by the dazzling brightness of gold, and could not see the beauty of Nature. In the arena of business competition my feeble mind was haunted by mingled feelings of jealousy, envy, contempt and admiration. Was this not the miserable state of madness?

"Nonsense!" I stopped short, and recalled Ayako involuntarily.

"What shall I do, if I cannot make her my wife? Indeed! What is love? What is fame? I don't want to be the slave of either one of them. I want to live a free, simple, healthy, independent life! Yes, yes. I desire to live like a lion in a desert. Some may criticize me for my lack of discretion and culture. I care not whatever they may say. Who can oppress me with the duty of the world, and the service of humanity? Have I not my own right of freedom, in-

dependence,* and peace? I am not such a pedant as to deceive myself as well as other people at the expense of ethics." and I smiled unconsciously. "Yes, real happiness lies in this valley and in this woods." I descended the hill with a firm resolution. I do not mean, however, to live in this valley always, but to work in the city with an unrestrained mind, and to return home to enjoy the spiritual, tranquil effect of nature whenever I get tired of the din of the city."

"Do you think every thing will go as you wish?" Fate whispered to me.

XI.

On returning to my aunt's I found a letter from Kawamura asking me to spend a couple of days at his home. My aunt thought it would be very nice for me to go over there, so I started at once. Mr. Kawamura lived in Sone village at the skirt of the Mi Mount

within a distance of less than four miles from my aunt's.

The old man was the principal of a grade school. He immediately assumed the same attitude toward me which he had had in the old days when he was my teacher. So I felt as though my pleasant childhood had come back again, and I was filled with the old boyish spirit. I thoroughly enjoyed my stay at his home, although there was no such sumptuous treat to be had as I could get at the city. I went carp-fishing with the old man to the pond in the vicinity. In the evening Mrs. Kawamura cooked a fine dinner for me with perch fresh from a fish reservoir at Mizuba, and the carp I had hooked. From the dining room I could command a fine view over the woods and rice-fields of the surrounding district, and I enjoyed drinking a home-made wine.

"I think it is time for you to find 'the

one.' said Mrs. Kawamura looking at me with a smile.

"What do you mean by 'the one'?"

"I mean your wife."

"Do you think it is time for me to get married?"

"Yes, indeed. I suppose you can have a good choice at Tokyo where you meet many a pretty one."

"I have a notion to find one right in this village."

"Ha, ha, ha! They are all plain, I am afraid."

"No, I don't think so."

"Have you found a girl you like?"

"I think I have."

The old couple exchanged a significant glance of wonder at their old school-boy's acuteness, and smiled.

"Who is this fortunate girl?"

"I have seen several pretty ones." and I smiled this time.

"The one who you like best is a most lucky girl." The old man interjected.

"Yes, she will be most fortunate to be able to go to Tokyo and to live with Mineo San." Mrs. Kawamura echoed her husband.

"But I am thinking of living in the country after a while."

"Nonsense! A young man with ability like yours must not idle away his time in the country. Don't you know that many country people are anxious to go up to Tokyo? I am sure your mother will not agree with you." The old school master was quite serious, and used the same tone in advising me that he had used when I was his pupil fifteen years before.

"Do you think so?" I answered meekly.

The old man stopped talking on this subject as if he considered my determination to have been carelessly made without due thought. The rest of the evening was spent

in pleasant gossip. When I retired, I fell asleep instantly because of my fatigue from the carp-fishing. The next morning I rose early, and returned to my aunt's before the sun became hot.

XII.

At about noon a message came from Ogawa telling me that since the guest from Korea had left the night before, I might come over there any time. The errand boy said that the guest seemed to have intended to stay at Ogawa's a few more days, but was called to Osaka by some urgent business. The man who brought the message from Ogawa was a young man named Gorō. He was the son of a poor man who had left him an orphan. The kind Ogawa took the boy into his house to care for him. The boy had been working at his benefactor's ever since, and often made a voyage with

his master. He was two or three years younger than I, but he looked older than he really was. I had known the man very well.

I sent Gorō back with my answer saying I should be at Ogawa's before dark. After the man had gone away, I was not at ease, and said to myself:

"I know the folks of Ogawa will be pleased to see me. I am well acquainted with the girls who used to call me 'brother.' Now I have come back after four years' absence. The second daughter is now twenty-two. Ayako who was a little girl of fifteen when I saw her last, is now a young lady of nineteen. I should not be surprised if the rest of Ogawa's children have grown so tall that I could hardly recognize them. I also am altered in my appearance, feelings and ideas. Moreover I have a secret hope in my heart. No wonder my heart throbs with mingled feelings of joy and anxiety."

I started for the Ogawa with my little cousin, Kōichi.

XIII.

I arrived at Ogawa's at the hour when the people began to light lamps. I was shown into the spare room, which was separated from the main building. The artistic Gifu lanterns were hanging from the eaves. Dishes were on the table, and the host was waiting for me. There was a difference in the whole atmosphere. Last time they had received me as a grown-up boy returned to his native village. This time they treated me as a guest of honor. The old Ogawa who was wont to be open-hearted and informal, now greeted me with a very formal salutation. The members of his family, his wife (whom I used to call aunt), Tsuyuko, Ayako, Tokiko, and Umeko appeared before me one by one, and courtesied

to me in a serious manner. They kept very quiet, and Ayako assumed a most indifferent air. Tsuyuko, with the most elderly manner among her sisters, sat with her youngest sister by her side; and faced me with a meaningless expression on her face. They were listening to the conversation between the old Ogawa and myself on the subject of Korean trade, in which I had no interest. Poor cousin Kōichi! He was obliged to behave like a guest on my account, and was fidgeting on his cushion.*

However the old Ogawa could not sustain this stiff manner very long. He offered a bath to me and my cousin Kōichi. When I had withdrawn from his presence, the old man changed his clothes to a comfortable loose gown, and waited for me. All the daughters except Tsuyuko retired to the house-place. Kōichi also disappeared with

* Japanese people sit on cushions.

them. Tsuyuko was serving wine silently. The old man began to disclose his real nature as the number of cups increased, and he began talking in a louder tone.

The Ogawa had been ship-owners since the former generation. The name of the present ship-owner was Takezō Ogawa. He owned seven ships and was considered one of the wealthy men in the vicinity. He lacked nothing except that he had no son. He had five children, but they were all girls. His eldest daughter was married to a rich farmer in the village. The second daughter, Tsuyuko, was expected to succeed to the family estate, and was betrothed to a certain young man. The old man could ease his mind if the rest of his children were well settled. By nature he was lively and straightforward, and averse to being outdone by others. In his youth he was a strong sailor, showing his rare courage and en-

duration when he strove against the rough waves of the north sea. However he had something in his nature as gentle and calm as the ripples of the Seto Inland Sea. I did not know why, but he placed much confidence in me, and spoke well of me among his acquaintances.

They said that he had an intention of giving one of his daughters to Mineo Yoshioka. I also suspected this to be so from the way he acted toward me. If the rumor were true and my conjecture was right, it was no one but Ayako who should marry me, for I liked her better than any of the other girls. Indeed, I had returned to my native village with the purpose of making Ayako my own. I had asked my aunt to sound the real intention of the old Ogawa, and to give him my hint. My purpose of spending the vacation at Ogawa this summer was of course to find out Ayako's

feeling toward me. My next step was to be a formal proposal, a telegram to my mother, and the wedding at Tokyo. Thus I had arranged my program.

I did not dare to speak to the old man about the matter that night, yet I longed to have him reveal his heart while he was in his cups. Nevertheless the more he drank the more he boasted about his trade, and never said a word about our personal affairs.

"You are as energetic as ever." I said, in order to turn the helm of conversation.

"You flatter me. I'm in the age of decline. I'm no good." Now the old man looked very sad.

"Oh, come ! How strong you look !"

"It is because the hard, rough work in my youth developed my muscles. If I look strong, that is mere appearance. I am weak inwardly. I am just like

a big ship with her keel ruined; I am losing my practical value. You, on the contrary, have a promising future."

"I'm good-for-nothing."

"You are joking. With your learning and ability there is no doubt of your advancement in life."

"I don't care much for advancement in life." I was aware of my indiscretion as soon as the words had escaped me. Probably I was under the influence of wine.

"What! Can it be possible?" said the old man looking at me angrily as if he were going to scold me.

"I know I cannot get much advancement. Don't you think it is better for me to return to my native village and to live an easy life in taking care of my own farm and woods?"

"Nonsense! That's what monks and old men would say, but it is not for you.

"Do you think so? But I know many young people who live in the country."

"That's a different matter. They are obliged to stay in the country because they have no learning. But you can get advancement in life if you want to."

"I care neither for the turmoil of the city nor my little learning. Don't you think I could live a much happier life in this quiet valley? I have ample means to live on."

"Hum!" The old man held his tongue. For a moment he kept perfectly still, his downcast eyes fixed on his cup.

A cool sea breeze blew into the house, and the lanterns hanging on the eaves were moving slowly.

"What a beautiful, calm evening! I tell you we cannot be so free from care, and taste such a tranquil enjoyment in the bustling city."

The old Ogawa, still in meditation, gave no answer. The night advanced quietly. The whispering sound of waves laving the beach was heard at a short distance. Higher in the sky were twinkling golden stars, lower the ocean was shimmering in pale silver. I felt as though I were spellbound. Suddenly the old man raised his head, and said :

"May be you are right. I sailed round many harbors, and had lots of fun. But all is nothing as compared with the joy when I cast anchor at this Otatano-hana."

"The native village is the most peaceful harbor."

"But don't you think it is good for you to see the rough waves of the world a little more."

How could I refuse this kind, affectionate advice? So I said :

"I don't mean to leave Tokyo at once. I simply mean to come back here whenever I feel like doing so."

"All right ! You may return here any time. The waveless harbor is waiting for you." These affectionate words impressed me so pleasantly.

"Let me tell you frankly you are too good for this materialistic world." continued the old man.

"Why?"

"Because young men of the present day, with their shallow learning, assume the air of great men and make a fuss over themselves. On the contrary you with your culture and learning, don't care for advancement in life. I admire you."

"No, sir. I am not worthy of your praise. This is simply my nature."

"Oh, no. Not only your nature but also your learning help you to form your opinion. I have no doubt of your success in the city, a young man of character such as you are."

"Do you believe so?"

I stopped talking on this subject. I wanted to ask about the guest from Korea, but I found no way of turning the conversation toward him. Dinner was over, and the time had passed away for idle talking. It was twelve o'clock when they all retired. I had not heard Ayako's voice, since she had withdrawn to the main building.

XIV.

In a few days the reserved manner of the girls disappeared, and they treated me again like their "brother.". Not only the youngsters but also Tsuyuko come to my room in the intervals of her house-work, and had a good time. Sometimes Ayako stayed a half-day in my room to hear me tell the "Arabian Nights" to her younger sisters and my cousin Kōichi. Soon I noticed some change in Ayako's manner. She would cast her

eyes toward the sea vacantly as she sat on the veranda, lost in thought.

In the afternoon of the fourth day Kōichi proposed going to the Kanate beach. We all agreed with him. With the four girls and Kōichi I got into a large boat which was sculled by Gorō.

The Kanate beach is a mere rock on the sea, and is a place of sport for Marifu children. When the tide is full, the top of the rock only is seen on the water. When the tide ebbs, it is a small isle of two hundred forty feet circumference. Various kinds of shellfish live in the hollows of the rock. It is a great amusement for children to catch shellfish. In spring when it is low tide nearly a hundred children gather round the rock. I remembered that I had often come to the rock with Ogawa's children. I would kill a sea-bream two feet long with a harpoon or would catch a devil fish. The water is shallow around

the rock, and provides a good swimming place for children. Nature has lavished her charms on this neighborhood. In the far distance Iwai Island is silhouetted on the water, and Ushi Island is in the nearer landscape. The division of the Suō and Hiuchi seas is at the south western side, and the current runs toward the channel between Shikoku and Kyūshū. When the weather is fair and settled, the family of the Kyūshū mount and its dismembered branches mark their bold outlines on the sky, and make the beautiful background of Iwai Island. The cape of Atata is protruding in the Mizuba bay. At the opposite side of the cape is situated the separate building of Ogawa, and the water laps against the stone fence. Signs can be given by a gesture from the Kanate beach to the one who is at Ogawa's separate building. At a short distance from the Kanate beach is Uma Island whose western

side is decorated with a row of pine-trees, stretching their branches wide over the water. Beyond the Mi Mount whose skirt extends to the Atata cape is seen the fresh green of a meadow, melting away into a haze. I should not be surprised if Marifu boys who once spent half a spring day at the Kanate beach get homesick for this quiet harbor when they have sailed thousands of miles away and been tossed by the rough waves of the world.

When the boat arrived at the Kanate beach, Kōichi first jumped off on to the land. A group of young people noticed our arrival and greeted us with a "Hallo;" they also were the natives of Marifu village.

Stones are slippery. But the girls jumped over them like sailors. It was a pretty sight to see their long sleeves wave in the wind that came from the coast. Behind the rocks no ripples stirred; through the water I could

see sea-weeds growing and waving their leaves slowly. A small fish on a blade of sea-weed was frightened by my shadow and flew away to a dark hollow. Holding his breath, a boy peeped into the water where a large sea-bream was playing tranquilly by the side of a rock. He threw a harpoon at the fish. The harpoon grazed the rock and missed the fish. This was a very amusing sport for boys. In order to look for shell fish the girls rolled stones or searched under rocks which appeared at low-ebb. Numerous rocks being scattered about the beach, I hardly knew where our group were. Kōichi, mischievous chap, jumped over from rock to rock, swam round the beach, and did not stay at one place for a single moment. I went about the rocks with a harpoon, but I could not get fish such as I would have. So I climbed on to a large rock which kept its head above the water even at the time of

high tide, and I stood up on its top, facing toward the sea breeze. By chance I caught sight of a young girl sitting on a smaller rock and looking over the sea. Her big straw hat nearly covered her shoulders, but the rim was turned up when the wind blew against it. A fishing basket lay near her feet. It was Ayako no doubt.

"Aya San!" I shouted to her from above. She turned around and smiled. I descended the rock to go to Ayako.

Ripples dashed against the rock on which Ayako was sitting. The sun was sinking toward the western horizon and throwing its bright rays over the silvery waves. The parting crimson glory of the ripening summer sun shone brightly on the water. From this reflecting surface jets of lights fell on Ayako's fair face and painted her cheeks a soft pink.

"Aya San! What are you doing here?"

"I am taking a rest since I am not very

successful in fishing," She said looking up toward me. "How are you getting along with your fishing, Mineo San?"

"I cannot catch anything either. Would you like to go home?"

"Not yet."

I sat down on a rock beside her. This was my first tête-a-tête with her since I came to Ogawa's.

"Mineo San! When are you going back to Tokyo?" Her eyes crept up to my face, her voice was almost a whisper and somewhat melancholy.

"I haven't decided yet. I may stay here two more weeks, possibly three weeks."

"Really?" After some hesitation she asked me: "Why didn't you come back here last year?"

"Because I had only one week's vacation last year, so I went to the suburb. I arranged to get four week's vacation this year, for

I wanted to pay a visit to my family grave and attend to something else."

"My folks waited for you last year."

"Were you not waiting for me this year?"

"I thought you did not care for the country any more."

"Oh, no. I cannot find any better place than my native village. I always feel at home here."

"Do you? I always want to go up to Tokyo."

"Why don't you? Won't you go with me when I return to Tokyo? I'll take your sister too, if you want me to."

Ayako gave a sigh. "How I should like it, if I only could. But it is impossible for me now."

I stared at her. "Why? Why can't you now?" I pressed on hurriedly. I was not at ease, my voice vibrating under my emotions.

"Because I think it would not be right."

All of a sudden Gorō appeared, and stood beside me. Ayako turned as if she wanted to shun his sight, her face became pale. Gorō looked at Ayako and at me by turns. His manner was unnatural; his sunburnt face looked sullen, and his eyes glared with a grim, cruel expression.

"Let us return." He said harshly. In haste he got on board, and yelled to us: "I'm going home. I'll leave you here, if you don't come right away!"

Ayako stared at him angrily, but bit her lips, and got on boat.

XV.

An agony of suspicion and uncertainty began to shake me. Why could Ayako not go to Tokyo? Why did Gorō act so rudely? Why was Ayako angry at Gorō? I knew her disposition very well: she was so gentle,

so patient; I never heard her speak in such a harsh, angry manner. But, to-day she glared at Gorō with a look almost too fierce for a lady.

I was also familiar with Gorō. He was an honest fellow but his lack of independence, and his pessimistic nature had combined in moulding a stubborn character. You know, he was an orphan and a hanger-on of Ogawa. When he was angry, he would not work for three or four days, and sometimes threw mud even at Mrs. Ogawa and her daughters. Consequently he had been driven out from Ogawa many times. But he was just like a dog who remembers his master's house. He would return to Ogawa without being noticed; work as usual, eat his meals in the kitchen and sleep in the attic. The Ogawa did not dare to take a definite step concerning Gorō. As he had been at Ogawa since the girls were babies, he attended them some-

what like a nurse maid. I looked at Gorō with a benignant eye, and he never failed in paying me due respect. He ran errands for me while I stayed at Ogawa. Wilful as he was, he never had showed to me such a grim, cruel disposition nor acted toward me in such a rude, harsh manner as he had this last time.

Every thing was a puzzle to me. Ayako had not showed herself since she returned from the Kanate beach. When I went to the main building for a bath, I inquired of Tsuyuko after Aya San. "She is sewing upstairs," replied Tsuyuko quite unconcerned.

How could I enjoy my dinner in such a confused state of mind? I left the dining room hastily, and went out to the beach. The sea looked dim, and the faint evening smoke hung over the valley of Umi Island. I felt more and more confused and oppressed.

I was tortured by a haunting fear, the fear of losing her; but I turned it off with a sardonic laugh.

When I had sauntered about the beach for an hour, the children called me from the veranda. They were waiting for me to tell a story. Returning to my room I found the two little girls and Kōichi, but neither Tsuyu nor Aya was there. With pain in my heart I told them the story continued from the night before, for I did not want to disappoint them. Meantime the old Ogawa came in. The children retired at nine o'clock. I had a little chat with the old man, who seemed to want to say something more, but finally said "Good-night" in haste, as he noticed a depressed expression on my face. I went out to the beach at once.

XVI.

I felt a fever in my brain and a chill all

over my body. I stood still as if I were smitten by a pang destroying my happy prospect in spite of all my labors. What was it that the old Ogawa wanted to disclose to me? Another anxiety came upon my troubled mind.

Close by the shore I found the boat which I had rowed to the Kanate beach. A sudden notion came to my mind to enjoy a delicious evening breeze in the boat as village people do. I hauled the chain and jumped in. Slowly the boat floated out, but it stopped in a second and began tossing; for I had neither unfastened the chain nor weighed the anchor. I sat down on the stern and sank into unpleasant thought. The sky was clear and the galaxy was seen clearly. The steep mountains like a dark screen stood round the Marifu bay. From the houses situated close to the shore, golden undulating lights shone out over the silvery waves. The

pathetic sound of the samisen* was heard from somewhere.

A deep, raucous voice was wafted from the beach. This was Gorō singing a sailor's song. As he approached my boat, he stumbled at the post but did not fall. Looking at me through the dark he howled.

"Wha's there?"

"This is I!"

"Who?" He shouted again. He crossed the shallow water, and jumped into my boat. As he looked at me searchingly, the disgusting smell of the drunken man penetrated my nostrils.

"You are the young Yoshioka, eh?"

"What do you want?"

"Hum!"

"Speak out plainly!"

"What did you talk to Miss Aya about at the Kanate beach to-day?"

* The samisen is a Japanese musical instrument.

"Don't be so impertinent, you cur!"

"I can guess what you told her!"

"Get ont! Why did you behave so rudely to-day? That's what I want to know."

"I didn't hurt you any."

"Ask your conscience! Know your own station in life! Have you no better manners toward your master's daughter?"

"What do you want me to ask my own conscience? I would like to know!" said he sneeringly. Deliberately he sat down on the stern of the boat.

"You simpltom!" I railed at him indignantly.

"Indeed! You are a smart young man. I suppose you know that Miss Aya is going to Korea in a few days."

"What did you say? Say it again!" I shouted as if in a mad dream.

"I suppose you know she is going to marry

the man who stayed at Master Ogawa's lately."

"What does it matter if I know it or not? You blockhead!" I scorned him indignantly.

"You'll see whether you are wise or I am foolish in ten days when the man returns from Osaka." He said in a confident manner.

"Go, at once!" I stood up angrily and held up my stick.

"I'm going home to sleep!" He said mockingly, and got off the boat. He leaned against the side of the boat, and looked toward me. "What did you say about Miss Aya and me?"

"Shut up! Go away!" I howled at him.

"I tell you, she is my sweetheart!"

"Nonsense!" I brandished my cane, and struck him on the shoulder.

"There!" He groaned to suppress his pain and anger. He retreated a few steps and glared at me. "Hum!" He sneered at me

with an odious look. He strode on splashing water about and disappeared in the dark.

No sooner had I thrown away my cane than I was seized by a sick giddiness. But I soon gathered up my courage, and stamped my foot on the ground. I returned to my room in a sort of dream.

XVII.

The whole aspect of the affair had changed. Early the next morning I took leave of the Ogawa under the pretence that I was called away for a few days by some urgent business. Of course I left my little cousin, Kōichi. I did not tell my aunt anything in particular except that I was going to visit some old school friends. I prepared for my trip at once. I got on a train from Tabuse and turned westward. To tell the truth I bought a ticket to Tokuyama automatically, I neither knew what I was going to do there

nor whom I was going to visit. I merely wanted to change places.

What a great difference ! Ten days ago I had been on the train in a sort of happy delirium, busily thinking of my joyous prospect. Now my mind was in a perturbed state ; it was confused with mingled feelings of shame, anger, suspicion and endless sorrow. I threw myself into a seat desperately.

With all sorts of efforts, I attempted not to abandon myself to my feeling. Yet I neither looked at the scene outside nor read the newspaper, but simply closed my eyes. I knew now that I could bear the contemplation of a past sorrow but not a past indignation and resentment. The blood rushed into my brain at the thought. Now I must find some means of diverting my feelings. At a station I bought a newspaper, and at the next station I walked round the platform even though for only a single minute's stop.

At Tokuyama I bought a ticket to Bakan where I spent a few days in visiting a friend of mine, who was a judge of the local court. Then I turned back to Yamaguchi, where I spent a week in visiting several friends. From there I went to Hagi and then returned again to Yamaguchi. Thus I idled away two weeks in drinking, chattering, and playing checkers. What did I gain after wandering about from one place to another? Nothing! I became ever more miserable because of my lack of sleep and excessive drinking and eating.

It was the evening that I returned to Yamaguchi from Hagi that I suffered from a sick headache. I went alone for a stroll to the broad road at the skirt of the Kame Mount. In the dark I came to the front of the high school of Kameyama. The gate was closed, for it was a summer vacation; no light came from the windows of the dormitory.

Silence reigned over the outside and inside of the vast building. This was the school I had attended ten years ago. For some moments I looked at the dark shadow of the Kame Mount. A sad feeling—I could not say what it was—rushed to my heart; and I leaned against the railing, and sobbed bitterly.

The next morning I left Yamaguchi. I made up my mind to return to my native village for a short time to see my aunt, and then to start for Tokyo. I would not tell about the present that I had brought with me secretly for Ayako. I tore it into pieces the night before I left Yamaguchi.

XVIII.

Alas! How long will Fate make me a plaything? Dear sweet Ayako died—died a cruel death! My aunt told me weepingly about her fatal accident.

On the fifth day after I left the Ogawa the man from Korea returned from Osaka, and became betrothed to Ayako. It was arranged that the old Ogawa should go to Korea with his future son-in-law and Ayako to attend the wedding ceremony which would be held at the bridegroom's house at Seoul.

On the day before their departure the old Ogawa took all the members of his family to the Kanate beach in two boats for a farewell banquet. Of course the man from Korea was among the group. At three o'clock in the afternoon a storm came up suddenly, and the waves off the coast were seen to be white capped. As there was no hard storm around this place, the folks of Ogawa continued their feast on their boats. You know the waves rise higher where the water is shallow. The waves became very rough around the Kanate beach, and tossed their boats up and down. Now they were obliged

to turn their boats toward the shore. The place which they had chosen for their landing was on the other side of the Kanate beach where there was a big rock, and the water was comparatively deep. They first sent their children to the land, Gorō stood on the bow, and helped them by holding their arms. Now it was Ayako's turn to land. No sooner had Gorō taken her hand than he slipped out of the boat, and with Ayako fell into the water. The old Ogawa was terrified, and instantly jumped into the water to save them. But in vain! The dead bodies of Ayako and Gorō were taken out one after the other.

This was the story told by my aunt who conjectured that Ayako and Gorō would never have drowned, had Gorō not been intoxicated, for he was a very good swimmer. I suspected however, that my aunt might not know the whole truth of the case. As

my aunt finished her story, she handed me a letter from Ayako, which read as follows :

"By your sudden departure I can guess your heart very well. I wept and sobbed all through the night. I could not tell you anything myself. Please ask my sister Tsuyu all about the details. I regret that I am not able to see you again before I start for Korea. Please take good care of your dear self. I pray for the success of your life. I hope you will not forget me."

At the moment when I finished the reading, a terrible suspicion came to my mind. Had I not been deceived by Gorō ?

"Antie ! When did you receive the letter ?"

"Early the next morning after you left, a messenger brought the letter asking me to give it to you when you returned."

I started for the Ogawa at once. The old Ogawa told me about Aya's death, but he knew no further facts than did my aunt.

My suspicion became more and more intricate; I was utterly confused. I asked Tsuyuko to show me Ayako's grave. She guessed what was in my heart. Immediately, she took me to the cemetery.

The cemetery was upon the hill which was surrounded by a pebbled river. I crossed the river by a stone bridge, and mounted a gentle slope where reeds on the both sides grew above one's head. On the east side of the hill was nothing to stop the eye, so one could get a fine view over the neighboring district.

There was no talking until Tsuyuko and I reached the grave. Tsuyuko stood in front of the new grave which was simply marked by a wooden post. She showed her respect to the deceased with a bow, and then made way for me. I could not bear to stand right in front of the grave.

" Mineo San ! Sit down here ! " said Tsuyuko.

ko sweeping dust from the stone close by a pine-tree.

"What was the matter with Aya San? I am wandering in the dark." I first opened the subject of conversation.

"Did you read her letter?"

"Yes, I did."

"Alas! I never dreamed of such a sad ending for her! In the afternoon when you left our house we received a message from your aunt, telling us that you had started for Yamaguchi for a pleasure trip. As soon as Aya heard the news she ran upstairs and didn't come down. I became quite uneasy about her so I went up after her, and..... I found her sobbing."

"Sobbing!" unconsciously I stared at Tsuyuko, whose eyes were brimming with tears.

"Aya told me that Gorō behaved so rudely toward you and her at the Kanate beach."

"Indeed! I saw Gorō in the evening and learned the reason of his rudeness."

"I imagined you did. My sister suspected it too. She anticipated that Gorō would deceive you with a slanderous report concerning her, and she sobbed bitterly."

"Was there any attachment between Aya San and Gorō?" I asked her boldly.

"Did you suspect her of such a thing?" Tsuyuko looked at me sharply with tears in her eyes.

"Because Gorō told me something strange."

"Your suspicion is too hard on my sister." Tsuyuko's lips quivered, and tears rolled down her cheeks. "When you returned last time, my sister was only fifteen. As she grew up, her affection turned toward you. Every summer she waited for your return. I knew her heart very well, so she talked to me frankly about her interest in you. Whenever you wrote to us, Aya was most

pleased with it, and read your letters three or four times; and then she put them away in her bureau with special care. And concerning Gorō....." There she stammered, and I listened biting my lips. "Since the end of last year we began to notice Gorō's attention to Aya. Of course she did not care for Gorō, such an idiot as he is. You know her nature. She was quiet and reserved. She did not tell about her trouble to anybody but me. Sometimes Aya and I talked about driving Gorō away. However we were afraid of his reckless, revengeful, bigoted nature. He threatened her often to hinder her marriage. We kept away from Gorō. She was especially careful not to see him when there was nobody around.

"Indeed!" All my doubt and suspicion swept away from my heart, and at the same time the feeling of resentment and indignation toward Gorō rushed upon me.

"Are you beginning to understand my sister's circumstances? She was afraid of Gorō. It was as if she were fascinated by a snake. I could not help but sympathize with her. Aya and I had found out lately that father had promised Hinoya, a wholesale merchant at Korea, to give Ayako to him when he was in Korea last spring. Father disclosed to us the engagement when the son of Hinoya with his clerk came to our house a few weeks ago. Aya kept silent, and made no objection concerning father's arrangement. At night I asked my sister her real intention, but she answered curtly, 'I will obey my father's wish.' Then I asked her anxiously, 'What are you going to do with Mineo San?' Poor girl! She resigned herself to Fate. She said bitterly: 'Sister, please don't talk to me on that subject! My love toward Mineo San is unrequited just as Gorō's love is toward me. I would

rather die than be tormented by the revengeful Gorō. I can marry any man but Gorō, if I think myself already dead.' When I heard my sister's determination I could not help weeping. She took out your letters from her drawer with her pale face full of subdued emotion, and asked me to keep them. 'Sister! Have you ever seen any more unfortunate girl than I?' Then she threw herself on the floor and burst out crying."

I could not sustain myself any longer. Tears rushed from my eyes in a torrent.

"Now I see every thing clearly. I was deceived by Gorō. It 'was he who killed Aya San."

"Yes, Gorō killed my sister. But nobody knows the fact. They think that she died by accident." Tsuyuko burst out crying.

"Tsuyu San!" said I.

"Yes, Mineo San!"

"Did Aya San know my heart?"

"Yes, she found it out this summer while you visited us. I advised her to break off the engagement with the man from Korea. But she resigned herself to Fate. She was too tender-hearted to throw her father into a dilemma on her account. She thought that everything would go right, if she bore all burdens silently."

This was a self-sacrifice! I could not stand to hear any more about poor Ayako.

"I will call on your folks to-morrow, Tsuyu San. Good evening!"

The summer has gone and autumn is coming. This is the time when I am moved by the feeling of sorrow. Now my heart is full with mingled feelings of lamentation, remorse and anger. I went along the lonely field where the faint light of the dying western red was still left. The hill, the forest, the field, and the river which seemed to comfort

and smile at me before, now receive me very coldly.

XIX.

Next day I called on the Ogawa. The old man was utterly downcast by his daughter's death. Poor old sailor! He had no more energy and strength!

"I am going away to Tokyo in a few days. I don't believe I shall come back here for some time." said I.

"Why! Can't you stay with us a little longer?"

Poor old man! He knew nothing about the tragedy! Probably it was good for him not to know about it.

In spite of my bodily weariness of consecutive days, in spite of all my efforts, I could not get to sleep that night. I went out for a stroll without listening to my aunt's advice. I may be able to sing or weep over a sweet

sorrow, but as for the bitter sorrow I know no means of consolation; cold, depressing tears rolled down my cheeks.

Free from ties of kindred, independence and freedom! We human beings are not expected to enjoy these privileges fully.

"Battle! Yes, we human beings are destined to fight! Fighting is in itself man's fate! Go! Let me start to-morrow! To-morrow!"

THE WILL OF A JAPANESE MOTHER.

This is a story told by a junior captain who is now living at Yokohama.

The present war reminds me of an event which occurred among our navy officers at the time of the Japanese-China War. I suppose those who are now staying off Taku coast will meet with incidents somewhat similar to that which I am going to relate.

It was at the time when our squadron gathered at Beka Island to protect our soldiers landing at Kwayinkow that we on board celebrated our Emperor's forty-third birthday. In an officer's room I drank to the Emperor's health with the captain and other officers. Then I went to a sub-lieutenant's room, and heard the captain talking proudly of the history of his own life. He had served the

navy longer than any one of us on board. At last I went out to the hall.

In time of war the way of living is comparatively free on board ship. Moreover, as the time of which I speak was a holiday, we allowed sailors to do whatever they pleased. In the hall they were in the midst of revelry: some were singing a ballad with a Gekkin,* some were playing an "American March" with Yotsudake,† some were singing "Auld Lang Syne" in a loud, melancholy voice, and some were maundering under the influence of wine.

No sooner had I entered the hall than a sailor shouted "Banzai ‡ for the Torpedo Captain." They circled around me, and offered me a large bowl. I drank a bowl or two, and said:

"I suppose Chinese sailors who are at Port

* Gekkin is a Chinese musical instrument.

† Yotsudake is a kind of flute.

‡ Banzai means 'hurrah' in Japanese.

Arthur or Wei-hai-wei must be low-spirited. Let us say Banzai for them ! " They thought it would be fun, and hallooed Banzai. The martial spirit among our sailors was high, as if they had already taken possession of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. I walked toward the torpedo chamber at the bow, and found a group of seven or eight sailors drinking wine.

Japanese sailors never forget to salute their officers, however much they may be intoxicated. As soon as they saw me they stood up and saluted me. Their serious manner indicated that they were not inebriated yet. A sailor standing in the center said : " Sir, we have just started something amusing. He had a good reputation among officers in spite of his habit of becoming quarrelsome when in his cups, for he always did his duty.

" What is it ? " I inquired. The sailors looked at each other, and smiled.

" We are going to read letters which came

from home lately," he replied notwithstanding that some one tried to stop him with a wink.

"There must be something interesting." I said, and sat down on a chair. Their plan was to have each one read a letter for another, and whenever he found something exceedingly sweet, he made the other drink one cup for punishment. You know 'exceedingly sweet' meant their love affairs. I urged them to start the fun, so they began to read letters. Some blushed, for they had not expected me to be there. Indeed, I was not surprised at their reluctance: in their letters there was nothing without some reference to their love affairs, some came from Nagasaki, some from Yokosuka, some from Shinagawa; they were all expecting the cups of punishment. In a little while the second blue jacket sitting beside me dropped a letter under a table, as he was about to take out a bunch of letters

from his pocket. Hurriedly he thrust the letter into his pocket, and handed the rest of the bunch of letters to the blue-jacket sitting next to him. It appeared that the other sailors did not notice what he had done. However when they finished reading the letters the quarrelsome sailor shouted :

“ Mizuno, give me the letter you have in your pocket ! ”

The rest of the sailors followed him, and demanded that Mizuno should drink ten cups, if he would not show the letter. I was looking on smilingly. The more Mizuno begged them to excuse him the harder they pressed him to show the letter. The quarrelsome fellow displayed his true nature, and threatened Mizuno with his fist. I thought this was going too far for fun. As I was about to make him stop, Mizuno stood up angrily, and said :

"I am not a bit afraid of your fist, but I will read this letter to you, as you are so curious to hear it."

"Dear brother :

We have just received your letter which you had mailed at the Ta-tong River. Mother wept tears of joy, and read it over and over again."

"Pshaw! Nothing interesting!" laughed a sailor.

Mizuno paid no attention to it, and continued his reading in a quavering voice.

"Mother wanted to write you an answer by herself, so I brought a pen and ink to her bed-side. But alas! Her hands are not under the control of her mind because of her long illness. With a tear she asked me to write for her, so I am going to write as she dictates."

"My Dear son :

Never be a coward. I am afraid I shall not live very long. Consider this as your mother's last instruction, and remember it all your life. As you know, we have been humiliated ever since your father failed to take the right course, and joined Mæbara's party. I ask you to fight bravely for your Emperor and country on behalf of your father and brother, and atone for your father's sin by your loyal service.

"You said in your letter to-day: 'I wish I were an officer at least!' By your saying so, I realize that you still have much to learn. Whether you are an admiral or a common sailor makes no difference in the service you can offer for your Emperor and country. Your brother envies you, and says day and night: 'I wish I were in the field, and could serve my country even as a coolie.'"

"You must be thankful that you are a

common sailor. Be obedient to your officer, be kind to your comrade, and do usefull service for your Emperor. I am sure you know all these things, but I tell you for precaution's sake.

"This is your mother's will. Please deport yourself like a man. Your sister-in-law will write more details."

"When I finished writing the letter, mother asked me to light a candle in our buddhist shrine, and to help her to sit down on the bed. She read the will to your deceased father who was enshrined. It was so sad to see her reading the will, and sobbing at the intervals of the sentences."

Thereupon Mizuno could not sustain himself longer—tears ran down in torrents on the letter which he held in his hands. The listeners were in a state of stupor, as though they had been struck by lightning. They

were spell-bound with admiration for his brave mother.

"Banzai for Mizuno!" The quarrelsome sailor broke the silence, and brandished the large bowl. Then I cried: "Long live His Majesty the Emperor!"

FAREWELL.

The young man's name was Minejirō Tamiya. His cottage was situated at the middle of the slope of a swelling upland, surrounded by a beautiful garden through which a rivulet ran from the north. On the banks of the rivulet were planted maple, pine, cherry, and plum-trees. A few chestnut-trees were seen here and there, presumably it was because chestnut-trees grew readily in that soil. This was the villa owned by a millionaire who lived in a certain part of Tokyo. The building was getting old, the garden was left to waste, and the millionaire's carriage was never seen at the gate. So the people in the vicinity conjectured that the owner was going to sell his villa. However, the rumor died out gradually. A year and half before this the young Tamiya came to the villa to live.

He seemed to be about twenty-three or four. He was tall, slim, and looked to be dignified gentleman. People noticed his melancholy manner as he passed by, and took it for granted that he was a sick man who had come to the villa to recuperate his health. He hardly stayed in the house at all during the day ; in the morning and evening, sometimes even in the night, he walked around the fields and woods. But nobody entertained the least suspicion of him, as they thought he was walking for his health.

There were a very few people with whom he was acquainted. A field lay in front of the villa, and a dairy man lived beyond the field. The ridges of the dairy man's buildings were seen through the leaves of the oaks. One of the buildings was his barn where he kept seven cows. In another building he lived with his wife, two children, and a milk boy. The young Tamiya became

acquainted with the eldest boy who brought him milk twice a day. Through this boy the young man came to know the father with whom he had a chat once in a while. The topics of their conversation, however, did not go beyond cows, milk and customers. The dairy man had a donkey besides his cows. He was proud of the donkey because it was a gift from a rich farmer for his special service, when he worked on his farm at Chiba which was the native village of the dairy man. The boy was very fond of riding on the animal even though it was not attractive in its appearance. Sometimes the boy invited the young Tamiya to ride on the donkey. It was the boy's special favor to the young man. However, he rode on it with a snicker. Was it because he had a dog which he liked better than the boy did his donkey?

There was a road running in front of the gate of the villa. The rivulet coming through

the yard of the villa ran across the road, and entered a forest from which it rushed out into a valley where a water mill was running. In this vicinity were many mills, but this was the smallest. At a little distance from the mill was a hut which was surrounded by a row of large oaks. In winter the oaks kept off the cold north wind; in summer they gave a nice shade. A flock of chickens went back and forth between the mill and the hut. In the rainy season of June a pack-horse stood close by the mill. A muddy stream was running with pieces of white straw on its surface, and the water sparkled almost at the horses' hoofs. Rain drops ran from the mane of the horse, who was half asleep, and the steam rose from his back. Chickens sought their shelter under a wagon, and shook their wings. The young Tamiya looked at the gloomy scene from the veranda of the hut. By his side sat the old mille."

holding a pipe between his teeth, and with his arms folded. They smiled once in a while, as though they enjoyed their conversation. The old man was one of Tamiya's intimate friends.

At a short distance from the mill was a bridge which was very broad compared to its length, and its railings were too low for one even to sit down on. Over the bridge was a forest. Passing through the forest one could get into the centre of the town which looked like a picture one would find at an art exhibit in Tokyo. Buildings were partly thatched, and partly covered with tiles. Next to a barber shop was a notion store, and then a farmer's house, in front of which a boy played with a cat on a straw-mat. Close by the eaves of a thatched house flew a group of ephemeras reflecting the evening sunshine. A blacksmith's anvil rang, and pretty sparks flew about in the dark. A woman about twenty

years old chattering something and laughing ran across the street without an umbrella. It was comic to see her shake her head and turn back when she jumped on tiptoe with her clogs* on. This was the scene of a country town from which an artist might draw material. From the east to the west of the town was a gradual slope. Through the middle of the street ran a stream whose source was the same as that of the rivulet in the villa. The people in this town washed all sorts of things in the stream so that the water became muddy sometimes. Several bridges were constructed across the stream, and on the banks on both sides were planted young maples according to some one's suggestion—this made the town look different from the other country towns. At the west end of the town was a temple, and a bell was struck every evening. However, its sounds

* Clogs are a foot-wear of Japanese women

scarcely reached to the villa where Tamiya stayed. The man who struck the bell was too old and feeble.

One evening when the last sound of the bell was heard, a dense fog hung over the town, and the moon which had just left the forest at the east threw her faint light over the water. A cavalry man whose barracks were in the vicinity, went up the slope hurriedly, holding his long sword in his left hand. Then a man dragging a hack-horse came to the slope. The daughter of a restaurant keeper accosted him. But he made no answer to the girl. It was amusing to see the man so absorbed in humming songs. There was a boy blowing a trumpet. The soldier ascending the slope pursued his own shadow, as the moon shed her light from behind him. The girl descending the slope looked bashful, as the glittering moonlight shone on her face. It was natural that the

young Tamiya liked the town next to the forest; people seemed to enjoy their present happiness with no knowledge of the future and the past. One year and a half had passed since the young man had come to live in the villa. It was about the end of autumn. He got up early in the morning, and went out with his dog as usual. He wore a long, gray coat and a pair of boots to protect his feet from morning dews. On his head he put a hat with broad rim after the American style. He was pale and his eyes looked nervous, as if he did not get enough sleep.

Just as the young man went out from the gate, he met the eldest son of the dairy man bringing him a battle of milk. He drank half of the milk, and returned the bottle to the boy. The boy poured the rest of the milk on his palm, and gave it to the dog; meanwhile, the young man gazed at the dis-

tant sky where a rain cloud floated. A fog enveloped the forest where leaves had partly fallen.

The young man parted with the boy, and walked along the river to get out from the forest. On entering the yard of the old miller he found the man gazing at the sky with a face of concern. A slender smoke curled up from a tobacco tray. The old man gave a slight bow to Tamiya, and said with a wondering look: "What do you mean by dressing in that manner?" The young man sat down on the veranda. Without answering the old man's question he said: "I have decided to leave the villa tomorrow." He gazed at old man's face smilingly.

"Why did you take such a sudden notion?" asked the old man staring at him.

"I will come to see you in a week, and bid you farewell," and the melancholy young

man sighed. The old man slapped his knees and said :

"You are going to the west, aren't you?"

"Not to the west but to the east. First I am going to America thence to England, and then to France and Italy, where I have wanted to go for a long time."

"Did your father give you his consent at last? I congratulate you. When are you going to start?" asked the miller with a smile.

"About the end of the month. I don't know when I shall come back here. May be I shall never see this place again. I want to spend this mornig in walking round this vicinity where I have received so much solace for a year and five months: I want to bid farewell to the birds, the stream, and the forest from which I have drawn materials for my painting and writing. You seeth this is the reason why I have dressed in this

way. I will go home and prepare myself for my journey, but I will come to see you again to say good-bye." The young man bowed and went away. The old man looked after him with a quiet smile.

The old man walked back and forth in the yard, and said to himself repeatedly: "He is fortunate." Suddenly he stopped short, and said with his eyes closed: "I pity him, however!" and he heaved a deep sigh.

The young man turned his steps towards the town, and looked at the sky occasionally.

As it was still early in the morning, a very few people were out in the street. Dense smoke curled up from the chimney, and spread over the eaves of houses. People were cooking their breakfast. A fog like a thin veil hung over the lower part of the stream. A wagon came out from the misty veil, disturbing the quiet

of the lonely street. The young Tamiya stood still at a bridge, and looked over the lower part of the stream. The sun was not bright yet, dewdrops on crimson maple leaves looked like gems. Unconsciously he broke a twig at hand. Picking off a crimson leaf he threw it into the rapid stream. He was waiting quietly, the leaf stopped at the next bridge. Through the maple leaves he could see the profile and the pretty bare arms of a girl. She seemed a young girl about eighteen years old. The girl had no knowledge of the young man's attention; so absorbed was she in washing dishes. She piled up the dishes which she had already washed, and was now washing a big snow-white plate with a blue border. She noticed a maple leaf floating toward her. Quickly stretching out her arm she picked up the leaf, and put it in the plate. It was quite picturesque. The young Tamiya, looking at

her, thought she resembled some one, but he could not recall who it was. Her pretty outline from the ear to the chin attracted the artist.

The mischievous young man threw another leaf into the water: probably he did it for fun or he was struck with her artistic inclination in putting the crimson leaf on the white plate. The second leaf floated to the girl, who picked it up at once, and put it on the big plate. This was the last plate she washed.

The young man threw into the water the twig which he held in his hand. The twig whirled round and floated to the girl. As she picked it up, she looked with amusement at dew-drops running down from every blade, and put it on the large plate. Suddenly she turned round as if she began to be conscious of something. Her eyes met his, and she blushed. After a little hesitation, she got up

and went on her way with the large plate in her right hand. She trotted off into the restaurant where cavaliers were wont to come. She stopped at the door, and turned back again to see the young man.

"I know now, she resembles my Haruko. I would not doubt it a bit, if I were told that she is her sister. The expression of her eyes when she first turned back to me was exactly like Haruko's. I never knew any one who had such fine eyes except Haruko."

"Am I having a delusion because I love Haruko too much?" said he to himself. He grasped something in his pocket; he felt the blood rush to his face. "Nonsense!" He scolded himself. The tone of his voice was low, but the sound of his stick when he struck at the railing of the bridge was so strong that it frightened his dog. The young man soon regained a normal expression, and went on his way. The dog ran ahead of

him, and waited for him. The young man ascended to the upland, from which he could command a fine view of the surrounding districts. On a fine day one could see clearly the distant mountains. The mountain range was seen here and there above the woods close by which made the frontier between two provinces. On a cold winter morning with heavy frost one could hardly distinguish the snow-capped mountain from the silvery sky. The young man was used to enjoying himself in such a scene, and to feel the blood of youth springing in his heart. However, on this day, the clouds shifted very rapidly; a dense fog enveloped the forests, and a scarecrow stood lonely in the field. The melancholy sound of a gun was heard from somewhere. The young Tamiya stood still, and looked at a few people who passed by the field, and soon disappeared in the thick fog. This might be too gloomy to look at

for a man who had never suffered from love; but this young man enjoyed the scene, because it resembled the state of his love. He still longed to see the phantom of love which seemed to be in the distant mist.

There was a narrow path in the forest hardly large enough for a wagon to go through; the trees on both sides stretched out their branches, and formed an arch from which the sun shed its rays over the shoulder of an approaching man. In winter dead leaves piled on the path made rustling sounds, as the wind tossed them about. The young man had rambled many times over this lonely path, where he met no one except a farmer driving his wagon loaded with vegetables, and a cavalier smoking cigars. Again the young Tamiya had chosen this lonely path for his morning walk. When he had walked about half way up the path, a rain began to fall softly. It stopped in a

few minutes, and the forest became more quiet. He heard nothing but the rustling sound of dead leaves as he walked on. The straight path suddenly turned to the left, and led into the woods where trees stood sparsely. This was the place he loved to haunt; he was accustomed to sit on a stump, and admire the sunshine and the wind, by whose influence the appearance of the woods was going to alter gradually. The dog went ahead of him, as though he was familiar with this place. The quietness would attract one's heart, if he entered this solitary wood in a thick autumn fog. Men of the world looked at things with their eyes only, and did not listen with their ears; they were too much occupied to listen to the sounds without. In the young Tamiya's heart was a sorrow which was as deep as a mist—a quiet, heavy, cold mist. He could hear even the sound of a single leaf falling, and the

rustling sound of a wagon in the distance. Suddenly a wild pegeon appeared, and perched on a branch close by, but soon flew away. The quieter the surrounding scene became, the keener his auditory sense became. The young man looked around. The scene was as gloomy as the state of his mind. From the beginning he did not expect that his love would be as happy and hopeful as a field hung over with spring haze. However now he felt keenly his struggle and the suffering of love.

Tamiya had a sweetheart whose name was Haruko Matsumoto. He met her by chance when he was twenty-two and soon fell in love with her. You know there are men who think nothing of a friend after ten years' acquaintance, and there are lovers who pledge their future in the evening of their first meeting. Haruko fell in love with Tamiya before he thought of her. When he

felt her love, he declared he would gladly lay down even his life for her sake. This was within a month from the time they first met each other. However their love was opposed by their parents. Why? Orientals were easily understand, if we simply say that it was because they loved each other. Haruko was sent back to her native village. The young man moved to his uncle's villa, and lived a hard year of disappointed life.

He struggled to forget Haruko, and deceived himself with the idea of giving up his love. He knew that he was deceiving himself, but he still tried to find some excuse. It is a strange process in the human heart that caused him to wish to continue deceiving himself. The young Tamiya found the way of excuse to be in devoting his life to his mission. Heaven only knew if he would be able to keep on. Where did he find his mission? He found it in the study of arts

and literature. He was wealthy and young. He thought it would not be difficult to attain his aim with his genius and persistent nature. For one year and a half he struggled to forget her, and to find his comfort in his work. Nevertheless he failed in his attempt, so he decided to go to far away Europe, and asked his father who gave him permission after some hesitation.

The night before he had received a letter from Haruko saying that she would come in the afternoon to bid him farewell. What did she mean by farewell? His mind was in confusion. He could not sleep through the night. He felt as though his ambition for work was enveloped in a mist, and was still attracting him; but his love like a mist was standing in the way. He was confused, he was angry, and he sobbed all night. At the break of day he had a wink of sleep, and the anger and grief in his heart were swept

away like a storm; he was simply melancholy with cold tears rolling down his cheeks. He jumped up from his bed, and said to himself: "Oh, I love you, Haruko!"

There was another shower. Rain drops shook the leaves of trees. The young man watched the scene which had a significance for him. After the shower, the forest became light, but soon it was dark again. The sounds of a gun were faintly heard at a distance. The young man raised himself up, and rambled a while in the forest. He did not go out to the path, but to the side of a canal to shun the notice of others. The canal came from a different source from that of the stream running through the town. This was a sort of aqueduct connected with a large river far off. It was only three feet in width but deep, and ran straight through the forest. Villagers made an inlet in the canal to wash vegetables. The young man was

used to crouching down at the inlet, enjoyign himself in looking over the still water. At his back was a bush of reed, wild rose, and bamboo which protected him from others' notice.

The peddlers in travelling a desert come across on oasis where they can get a drink to quench their thirst. In the journey of life some may taste a sweet cup of love, and dream of a paradise. But when he wakes up from his intoxicating dream, he must resume his lonely journey. He will not meet with another oasis until he reaches his grave; he looks back, and longs for the sweet spring which is going down to the horizon. Indeed, Tamiya was about to wake up from his happy dream, and to leave the oasis. Was he able to leave the oasis forever?

From the spring of love, sweet water gushes forth, and is waiting for tired travel-

lers. Young travellers are coming and going by the side of the spring. A young girl accompanied by a young man enjoys herself at first in drawing water from the spring, but she soon makes the water muddy by putting her hand into it. She drives off the man from the spring, and goes on her hard, hot journey running after him. Tamiya had seen such examples among his friends and in the fiction he read. However, the sincere Haru still thought of him and loved him, since he took her to the spring of love. Is there any one who would not sympathize with this innocent maiden when he reads her letter? Tamiya in spite of himself was going away from her. Could he stand the idea of leaving her in the midst of a desert?

Not long since he had seen a foreign picture on which a fierce lion was fighting hard with a snake in a desert. The title

of the picture was "A Tragedy of the Desert." He wondered if it was a real picture of the world. Indeed, to the eyes of the poor Haruko, the world would appear like this picture, if he went away from her. Then, how about Tamiya himself?

The young Tamiya thought of love, of the world, of the desert, and of the oasis. Thought after thought came upon him, and made him more melancholy. There is a saying that "the sound of the wind leads one's thought far off, the current of water tempts him to think of his deep sorrow." At first Tamiya looked carelessly at the quiet stream. But he was soon attracted by the leaves running from the upper part of the stream. Leaves—red, yellow, small and large,—rushed out from one shadow; and ran away under another shadow. Now they floated on the water, now they sank down into the water, now they whirled round, now

they stood still. He saw one leaf off, and welcomed another, he lost the sight of one leaf, and waited for another one. Since he had had a hard mental struggle the night before, he had neither hope nor strength; he looked gloomy, and sad like a battle field after a disastrous charge. He was tired out, and went to sleep.

There was a forest and a river. Leaves fell on the ground though there was no wind, and the river had leaves on its surface. A pale looking young man was sleeping crouched down in his over coat. The nearby trees did not move, as though they did not want to disturb his sleep. Leaves—red, yellow, small, and large,—appeared and disappeared on the water; some whirled round slowly and sank down suddenly, some floated slowly like a boat. The eastern sky broke a little, and the sun appeared between the branches of trees, and threw its soft rays

upon the young man's face. In a dream the young man went down the clear stream in a boat. The spring was about half spent. The trees on the banks had just sprouted, and they looked fresh and green. He could see the clear, blue sky through the branches. The sun did not reach the inside of the forest. Millions of dewdrops on the leaves sparkled like gems when the sunshine rushed in between the spaces of the branches, and a cool breeze swept over them. Thousands of butterflies left the branches of cherry-trees and fluttered about. It became dark and shady where the current was stagnant. The stream abruptly widened at the corner where there was a large rock. The water was so clear that one could see the white sand at the bottom. There were low bushes on both sides, and a forest at a distance. The majestic figure of a young girl was standing out picturesquely on the bank. She re-

sembled Haruko in the expression of her eyes, but was much more dignified. She beckoned him with a twig in her hand, as though she wanted him to draw sweet water from the spring of love.

"What is the use of rowing aimlessly on the stream? Don't you know that the stream runs out to the sea where waves are rough and high?" she seemed to say. He turned his head, and tried in vain to see the lower part of the stream which was enveloped with a spring haze. He hesitated a while, and felt an unspeakable pain in his heart. The young girl noticed him struggling and said:

"Here is water for you to cure your grief." She dipped the twig into the water and splashed it at him. When the cold spray of water touched his cheek, he was awakened from his dream.

All of a sudden the wind blew with great

violence, and shook off the dews from the leaves like a heavy rain. The young man slowly raised himself up, and looked at the distant current as if in a dream. Then he closed his eyes, and grasped tightly something in his pocket. Just at that moment the dog barked loudly. He went quickly to the path, and walked with long strides whistling sharply. Occasionally he looked at the sky, and frowned. The clouds shifted rapidly, but the blue sky was seen from between the clouds.

The young man grasped something in his pocket all the time, and did not heed the surrounding scenery. He hurried on to his home. What he grasped in his pocket was the letter from Haruko. On the way he met two cavaliers. The young cavalier who was a little behind said: "You must write 'urgent' on your letter." "Of course, of course," answered the cavalier, who was

ahead. The young Tamiya turned his head to listen, but they disappeared into the forest. He only heard them laughing. With quickened steps he went homeward.

* * * *

The clock in the station pointed to five minutes past six o'clock. Seven or eight passengers were waiting the down train, but they kept very quiet. Flickering lights shone in the waiting room. Out of doors stars were shimmering. People hung their heads because of the cutting wind. They had to wait ten minutes till train time.

The ticket window was opened, and the rush for tickets began. A couple of young people came in quietly. They were Minejirō Tamiya and Haruko Matsumoto. The young man got an admission ticket for her, and they walked toward the platform. They were behind the croud as though they wish-

ed to shun the notice of others. Haruko wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, and said nothing. The young man looked at the boundless sky, and bit his lips. He whispered earnestly to her :

“Be sure to write me. You are my hope. I will complete my study while I am thinking of you.” A hot tear rolled down his cheeks. The girl took no notice of it. She bit her handkerchief, and clenched her hands. They were silent for a while. The trilling whistle of an engine was heard. In haste the young man grasped her hands, but he could not express what he wanted to say.

“Please take good care of your dear self.” said the girl stammeringly.

“You — my dear — please wait for me patiently. Don't forget to write me. Don't fail.....”

At eleven o'clock in the night the young

man returned to his home. Sighing he wrote a letter in haste, which ran as follows :

“What an idiot I was to give you up. The more I tried to forget you, the more I thought of you. What good would come out of it after we give up each other? Nothing but incurable wounds! What a fool I was to believe in a mission without your love! I vainly believed I had untiring energy, and loudly cried after ‘business.’”

Just at the moment a guest of the wind swept over the chestnut-tree close by the window, as if a mysterious power was working upon it. The young man stopped his writing, and listened to the sound.

“Where is my energy? I am just like withered leaves rustling in the wind. My voice is hoarse, my blood and tears are dried up, and I cried in vain after business. I know now you are my love and the source

of my strength. My love for you is in my heart whence my blood springs. I realize now that the blood is like a spring from which trees and flowers receive nourishment and bear fruit. I am not using poetical metaphors for the sake of literary effect; this is what I truly feel."

"Until last night I deceived myself by thinking that I must go away for study to a foreign country where I shall find nothing but my burial place. No, no, I am not running away from you. I understand the value of love. My goal lies at a great distance, but I can see the sparkling light, and my heart leaps with joy—this is the gift that came from you."

The young man's eyes sparkled, and the blood mounted to his cheeks.

"Please never speak again of an eternal farewell. What do you mean by an eternal farewell? I think people speak about it too

slightly. It is too solemn and too awful. It saves one's life or destroys it. One lives between eternal death and eternal hope. Is there eternal farewell without eternal death? Few people can realize what eternal death means, but many can realize what farewell means. If they add the word eternal to farewell, and think about it deeply, they may break their hearts. It is so with you and me. Suppose we part forever, and I change to a piece of ice at the north pole, and you change to a stone at the south pole, and we never see each other again, can you bear it? It is said that when one loses a loving child, he feels for the first time the grief of death. A preacher whom I knew said the same thing. But I believe they are all mistaken. What they feel is not death itself, but the sadness of parting. The death is a mere form, but parting is a fact. Who shall believe

that love and eternal parting go side by side?"

"It is not the parting for a certain length of time but eternal farewell that gives us pain in our hearts. So we lovers never separate from each other. I could not bring myself to believe that I should part forever not only from you, but also from the girl of the restaurant keeper who resembles you, and the old miller, and the boy of the dairy man. The heaven and the earth may dissolve some day, but human beings shall see each other in the world of love. Dear love! Never speak again of an eternal farewell, for I cannot bear it. Because of you I experienced a deep sorrow, but found an eternal hope and strength in you. However we are still under the yoke of Fate. I feel a cold shiver all over my body whenever I think of Fate, who has the power to prevent the meeting of lovers. Could we endure eternal farewell?"

The night advanced. There was no noise except the rustling sound of the distant forest. For a while the young man looked into the distance as if in a dream, and said:

"It is late in the night. Dear love, I suppose you are resting. I am melancholy; I long after human beings, especially I long for you, dear love. Is there any one who dares to speak of an eternal farewell? Never! Never! Never!"

He put his elbows on the desk, and buried his face in his hands—the dairy, the mill, the town with the stream running in the center, the canal running straight with leaves on it, the beautiful dear Haruko, the old miller, the eldest son of the dairy man, and the donkey, appeared distinctly before him, but they soon disappeared in a mist; and the majestic figure of the young girl

was standing out picturesquely on the bank of a river, the girl whom he saw in a dream. She looked just like Haruko.

A PHANTOM.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Bunzō did not call on her that night, he waited until the noon of the next day according to his promise. As he was well acquainted with her family, he entered the parlor directly without waiting for any one's coming to the door. He found there her two little sisters, Ayako and Haruka. He patted them on the head, and asked them if their sick sister was feeling better, and if he could see her.

"Sister is gone out with mamma." replied Ayako.

"What! She's gone!" He felt disturbed, and remarked: "I thought your sister was always home at this time, as she has to give you a lesson."

"Sister will not give me lessons any more." answered Ayako.

"Sister won't give me lessons any more."
repeated Haruko.

"Is your father home?" asked Bunzō.

"No, he isn't. My sister doesn't feel well.
She wept through the night."

"Well, well!"

"Yes. Miné (a maid) told me so—sister's
eyes looked red, and were swollen."

Bunzō pondered a while, and shivered as though he felt a chill pass over him. Suddenly he took leave, and returned home quite lost in thought. He felt as if he were looking down a deep valley from a cliff, and the idea made him dizzy. He recalled a number of things; he heard the sound of a gun at a distance, then he lost his way in a pathless wood. Now he became very thirsty, he felt tears springing to his eyes but they did not drop. A bitter smile crossed his face and a bitter moan escaped from his lips. "Ume will not see me any

more ;" he kept telling himself ; " Ume will not see me any more."

" I cannot understand her sudden change. Why would she not see me ? Why did she not tell me, if she had some trouble ! " he asked himself.

" Sir, pardon me ! " Bunzō was startled by the voice, and turned round. It was a servant bringing him a letter from Ume. He understood what this meant before unsealing the letter. Bending his head, he sat perfectly still expecting the last stroke. Finally he plucked up courage, and broke the seal. On a small piece of paper was written the following.

" I beg your forgiveness. The attachment between you and me has now vanished like the bubbles on a wave. I must go to Tokyo. It is so painful to me that my heart is broken. But I cannot help matters. I resign myself to Fate. What I anticipated

before is now realized as a fact. I will not try to explain myself. I simply beg your forgiveness. Please do not think of me, for I am not worthy of you. Be generous. Don't try to see me again."

As he finished the reading, he collapsed. He dropped the letter from his hand, as if an unknown pressure forced him. He took up the letter again, and read it over. "To Tokyo!" he said faintly, and dropped the letter again. Disappointment as heavy as lead pressed upon his breast like a weight. But pulling himself together he said to himself: "One who receives a fatal wound must be calm as I must be."

"She appeared and disappeared like a phantom..... I am not surprised, for I expected it before." Bunzō was deceiving himself. To tell the truth he never had expected it at all.

"She did not love me. I can tell it by her nature. What a coquette she is in saying, 'I am not worthy of you!'" A faintly scornful smile moved his lips.

"She has known what I am since that time. Ah, I see thoroughly why she gave me up. It is because I am a poor student."

However, as he recalled her tender words, her smile, her pretty eyes which expressed love and happiness whenever they looked into each other's eyes, he felt a pain in his heart that was almost unbearable. He pushed his head hard against the wall, his frame shaking with the agony of his grief. Then he sank to the floor, his face buried in a cushion, and moaned in a choking voice for a long time.

HE.

Several years passed. It was late in the autumn. I waited on a friend at Surugadai.

In the evening I was on my way home to Akasaka. The city was shrouded in a dense fog. Beautiful dim lights encircled the street lamps, reflecting the frozen vapor. People and wagons passing by appeared like phantoms, and then disappeared in the thick mist. I enjoyed taking a walk on such a misty night. When I saw the people walking in the fog, they all seemed to be absorbed in thought—joy or sorrow I could not tell—I walked, too, as if in a dream.

Just as I came at the foot of Kudan slope, I heard abruptly some one speaking in an angry tone :

"What! You call me tipsy! Do you think only a half gallon of wine can make me typsy?" In a moment I saw a man passing by, reeling. "I am not wearing swords for appearance. If you speak to me in such an audacious manner, I will cut your head off." and he laughed. I was

surprised at his loud voice, and, on turning back, I saw a big man's shadow thrown on the ground by an electric light which shone dimly on account of the mist. In a few seconds the shadow disappeared. All of a sudden an idea flashed into my head—may be it was *he*. It seemed improbable but I said to myself:

“The city is like a large swamp where various kinds of people stream in. For all I know he may have come into the city accidentally.” Thinking of him I went up to the slope, and from its height I glanced down to the business part of the city extending like an endless marsh where lights are flickering like phosphorus. The night was dark and the fog was thick.

Who was *he*? I do not like to tell his name, so I simply call him *he*. He was a puzzling character, and his life was a tragedy. There is a saying: “The age makes men,

and men make the age." He contributed something to the making of the Meiji age, but he did not touch the spirit of the age. He thought of things of yore, and looked down upon the heroes of the age as mere children. Seven years ago I had seen him teaching Chinese classics to a few young men in my native village. Whenever I saw him passing by, I could not help pitying him. He was a phantom of the past, and a fossil of the feudal age, or, I might compare him to a stream which has not run into the ocean with other rivulets but made a swamp of its own: its muddy water boiling in the hot sun, and becoming stagnant, and again being frozen over till it had nothing to do but to dry up. However, when I sat close to him, and noted the expression of his eyes and his way of speaking, I found out that my description of his character was still deficient—it seemed as though some sad,

wretched, mysterious Fate were lurking around him. Discontent, jealousy and pride gave a strange light to his eyes. In his contemptuous smile I could see the struggle between his pride and his despair. I felt like crying when I saw him laugh with such a pitiful expression. "What do you say about the House of Commons? Nonsense! Don't you know that it is a mere assembly of farmers who know nothing but how to raise potatoes?" He was wont to say: "What is Tokyo? What is a counsellor? Tokyo is a dirt-heap of men. Tell Shinsuké not to keep himself so aloof!" This was the manner in which he revealed his discontent.

"Why had he come to Tokyo?" I began to doubt my own senses. But presently I knew that my perception was true. After a few days I told a friend of mine that I had seen him in the city. The friend inclined his head, and answered not a word. Two

weeks elapsed. One day I had a talk for three hours with a man concerning business. After he left, I lay down to rest a while. Watching the autumn sun going down over a pine tree in the garden, I was about to fall asleep. Suddenly I heard a loud voice shouting for admittance. I recognized him by his voice. It was *he* as I thought.

"How have you been getting along lately?" He asked as soon as he entered. "I don't want you to be so polite!" He stopped my cordial greeting. He seemed to be intoxicated. "Here is a present for you. I have nothing else to give you." and he drew out a short sword. I was much surprised by his abruptness. He had not behaved like this seven years ago. I noticed the change in him. "You must wear this at your right side," and he showed me how by wearing it himself. "Hold down your enemy with your left hand, draw the sword with the

right hand." He looked like a valiant soldier by his gesture. "You must thrust your enemy down like this." and he laughed. His action bespoke his unsettled mind. I tried to hold a conversation with him, but he fidgeted. He shunned my glance and laughed. He did not laugh however as he had seven years ago.

I ordered my servant to bring in wine.

"No, thanks. I've had enough," he said, but he was only trying to convince himself. I offered him a cup. "Thank you." He could not conceal his inward joy. I did not wait for him to return the cup, but gave him another cup. I watched him drinking covetously. He looked at me as he emptied the cup, with exultant appreciation, but he soon evaded my glance again as though he was much ashamed of himself. I could not bear to see him in such an attitude.

"You are getting old," unconsciously the

sympathetic word came out from my lips with a different meaning.

"Oh, no. I am still stronger than you are. This wine tastes delicious!"

"It must be different from Doburoku,* you know, ha! ha! ha!....." the words slipped my tongue. What cruel expressions I used! I still regret what I said. But at that time I, in spite of myself, looked down upon him, who was reduced to poverty.

"Ha! ha! ha!" He also laughed. His eyes were wont to shine with discontent, jealousy, and pride. Now the pride was partly shaken off, the discontent was lost in drinking, the jealousy without discontent was tinged with meanness, and the eyes were somewhat bloodshot. The shadow of poverty was seen on his face. I intended to ask him why and when he had come to Tokyo, and how he was getting along; but I dropped

* Doburoku is the cheapest wine in Japan.

the idea fearing that I might have discovered that I knew his secrets better than he himself.

As he was intoxicated, he began to boast of himself as in the days of yore. This was his ruse to make others believe that he had not become a dotard. He revealed the truth when he said to himself unconsciously: "I am no good!"

I pitied him. It seemed as though he had begun to fear his doom. Is there any worse wretchedness in life than to wait for one's doom with trembling heart? I could not help but sympathize with him who was still suffering from resentment as from an old wound. Some of his friends had become councillors, some were enshrined on account of their services at the time of the Meiji Restoration, and eulogies were composed for them. He, on the contrary, had fallen into a miserable condition merely because he did not meet with the spirit of the age.

"Let me offer you a cup, for I ever want to be your friend."

In silence he accepted the cup, and drank it at a gulp. Sadly he bent his head, and put his cup down.

"I feel tipsy, good-bye!" He said, as he rose quickly to his feet.

I was surprised at his abruptness, and tried to make him stay longer, but he declined.

"Please call on me again," said I. I did not know whether he heard me or not. His stumbling figure disappeared into the evening darkness as if he were a phantom.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

I.

An elderly woman neatly dressed was walking up and down a boulevard of Tokyo, where were many bamboo groves. She appeared to be hunting for a house.

She accosted an old man passing by :
"Sir, will you kindly tell me where Tanosuke Shiba, an artist, lives? I've heard that he lives in this vicinity."

"Mr. Tanosuke Shiba?" The old man inclined his head slightly. "I really don't know, ma'm. Ask the sake* dealer who lives only a short distance from here." and he had gone.

The woman was glad of his suggestion. With quick steps she went back half a block to the north, and stopped at the corner at which lived the sake dealer, Mikawaya.

* Sake is the fermented juice of rice, made in Japan.

Fortunately, there she found a boy standing near by, and addressed him with——

“Will you be so good as to tell me where a certain Shiba lives? He is an artist by profession. I’m tired out hunting for the house, as I’m quite a stranger here.”

“What’s the number?” said the boy impertinently, thrusting out his jaw.

“I’m not sure of the number.” The man sitting at the counter noticed her troubled manner, and told her kindly :

“You’ll have a hard job, then, in hunting for the house. I’ve an idea that it might be one of Mr. Uejma’s houses. You may inquire of the director who lives at the second turning of this street.”

The woman thanked him cordially and went on her way, repeating to herself: “The second turning.”

Already the evening glow had faded, and the wind was chilly. She shivered with

cold, and drew her shawl tightly about her. Faint rays shone out from a gas light which caused the red lettering on the door pane to be readable, "East director of No. 16, second ave." It was still early in the evening, but there was no one out in the street.

She was used to living in Kyōbashi, a business part of the city. It was quite natural that her heart shrank at such a lonely place.

"I've heard that you are the director of this street. Please tell me where Tanosuke Shiba lives." She said timidly at the door.

"Is it not number three of the third class?" said a female voice in the house.

"May be it is the house next to Mr. Taniguchi's." came a male voice also from within.

"Go one block straight ahead. Then turn at the corner where you will see a gas light marked Nomura. Mr. Shiba lives in the

third house from there." shouted the male voice.

The woman walked on hurriedly according to this instruction. When she noticed the gas light of Nomura, she was so glad that she pressed her hands against her breast. She found the third house quite easily.

There was a long row of dingy-looking houses under one roof. Tanosuke Shiba lived in one of these. It was so quiet within that it seemed as if there were no inmates. Her heart sank in her breast, and tears gushed out of her eyes. However she collected herself, and said in a low voice.

"Does Mr. Shiba live in this house?"

Paper screens were slid in. The light of a lamp shone upon the woman's cheeks as she stood in the yard.

"Gracious! Are you not Risa? How does it happen that you have come up here?"

excitedly demanded a young woman of about twenty-one. She was wearing an unwadded dress on such a cold day! The cuffs of her gown were worn out. The shabbiness of her dress was more noticeable than her dishevelled hair. Risa looked at her, and could not utter a word for a moment. A baby began to cry in the next room.

"Shige is crying!" said a man's voice. It was certainly the man of the house. The young mother withdrew into the room, but she reappeared immediately with a child about two years old in her arms.

"Come on in, Risa. Let us have a good talk!"

Risa was shown into a small room where the mats were all threadbare and the walls cracked. One felt uncomfortable to sit down in such a room. Risa, however, greeted her mistress quite cordially.

I intended to call upon you in the day-

time. But time slipped on while I was hunting for your house. Please excuse me for coming so late in the evening. How are you and your husband?"

"I am sure you had a hard time in hunting up my house in the dark of the evening. Indeed, I'm very glad to see you. We have been just in common circumstances ever since our marriage. Every day I think of my father and mother. I am especially anxious to know how my old father is getting along on such cold days." Her voice was pathetic. She was far more eager to hear about her father and mother than to tell of her own welfare.

"Time flew away while we were unconscious of it. It is more than three years since you left your parents' home. It is no wonder that your father's health has declined. We are afraid he will not live until the next spring. Your mother repeatedly

says: 'I want my husband to see Sonoko before he dies.' and she weeps. I feel just the same as your mother, and fully sympathize with her. I always think of you just as if my own child since I waited on you as your wet nurse. I have often spoken of you and your baby in the presence of your old father to tempt him to say: 'I want to see Sono!' But he always shakes his head, and looks at me sharply to make me stop speaking. But lately when I have mentioned you, he has turned his head away with tears in his eyes. I could not help weeping when I saw him in so downcast; I would bite my lips, and bend my head to hide from him my grief. Yesterday, through the window pane, he watched the daffodiles bathed in the evening sunshine, out on the veranda; and said: 'Risa! Does Sono still love daffodiles?' I thought this was the best chance to speak to him for your sake;

so I said: 'Poor Sono! She has no time for that!' Thereupon he said: 'I could not see her openly, but I do want to let her see my face before I die.' 'There he is!' I said to myself, and asked him: 'Shall I bring her up here to-morrow night?' 'Do just as you think best for us,' he replied."

"Miss,—no Mrs. Shiba, won't you go home with me right away?" asked the old nurse kindly. Sono sat with bowed head while she listened to the long story of her nurse. She hardly knew what to answer: she wanted to go at once, but was afraid of her husband—"If he objects to my visiting my father, not only all Risa's kindness will be in vain, but also my father will be desperately angry. Will my husband allow me to see my father? No, no, I cannot hope he will do so, judging from what he has said. In the next room, perhaps he is listening to what Risa has said, and he is dis-

pleased." Thus Sono thought to herself. Risa anxiously watched her, and kept still. Meanwhile a sharp voice came from the next room.

"Sono ! Sono ! I want you a minute !"

* * * *

Tanosuke Shiba was a young artist. He had been early left an orphan, and his boyhood had been passed in misery and poverty. He had inherited the heart of an artist from his mother and an unmistakable talent from his father. By nature he was persister, and had wonderful promise.

While he was a student of a Fine Arts School he became acquainted with Sono Ōmiya by chance. He fell deeply in love with her, for she was very beautiful both in heart and appearance. As young lovers are apt to do, they had rushed at once into a fervid and active correspondence, and had

become engaged immediately. Gonzō Ōmiya, the father of Sono, soon found it out, and was very indignant.

Thereupon Tanosuke and Sono determined what they ought to do, and swore that they would never separate from each other in spite of her father's objection. Tanosuke sent to Gonzō a letter which ran as follows :

"Sono and I believe that we are not wrong in the least in loving each other. We are not married unlawfully as you suspect. Do you think it a sin for us to love one another? There are many men and women who do not love each other, yet they are not blamed simply because they are married. We do not see any wrong in our love, although we are not married yet.

"I know your first objection to having me as your son-in-law is that I am still an insignificant artist. Had I been a young son

of some nobleman; you, president of the Ōmiya Bank, would gladly have had me for your son-in-law. Please reflect. Do you think your character is without blemish? Can you prove that you have kept no woman besides your own wife? I am not going to boast of my own morality; but if you give me an accusation false even in the slightest degree, I will challenge you."

It is needless to speak of Gonzō's wrath when he received this letter. He declared that he would not discuss the conduct of Tanosuke and Sono, but with a father's right, would object to Sono's marriage to Tanosuke whom he believed an unpardonably impertinent fellow.

Some of their friends tried their best to appease the anger of Gonzō and Tanosuke. Tanosuke yielded so far as to send a letter of apology to Gonzō, but the bigoted old man sent it back to Tanosuke.

Thereupon Tanosuke was very indignant, and requested Sono to leave her father's home. Sono wept bitterly through the night, but finally she ran away with Tanosuke Shiba.

Gonzō called together the members of his family and said :

"If you correspond with Sono who was my daughter, my home will not be yours."

Sono's mother and nurse sobbed very hard, but they could do nothing but obey his will.

Tanosuke and Sono made their home in a small house and lived happily, although they were poor—however there was an incurable grief at the bottom of Sono's heart. Days passed. Sono gave birth to a lovely boy whom they called Shigeru.

Risa, the nurse, by the wish of Sono's mother secretly called on Sono once or twice, so the Ōmiya knew about the coming of the baby.

II.

"Sono! I want you a minute!" Tanosuke called to his wife. Risa, raising her head, looked at Sono's face. Her eyes met Sono's, and she was about to say something. Sono, however, stopped her by a gesture, and went into the next room.

Tanosuke was reading at the desk, but he changed his position when he saw his wife coming in. Sono sat down silently. The baby was asleep at his mother's breast.

"Sono! Tell me why Risa called on you!"

"For a moment Sono watching the baby, kept silent; but at last she answered decidedly:

"She was sent by my father."

"Are you going to see your father?"

"Yes, I would like to see him, for he is ill."

"If you go, consider yourself hereafter as

Sonoko Ōmiya. I don't want my wife to pay a secret call on any one."

Sono bowed her head, and did not stir.

"What have you decided? Speak!"

Now Sono had to say something.

"Then you will not allow me to see my father under any circumstances?"

"I see no reason for giving you such permission."

"Why?"

"Why! Can you not understand it? I—as your husband—cannot allow you a secret interview with any one. It makes no difference what person it is."

"I understand you—I see clearly what you mean. I beg your pardon. I'll send Risa back at once." Sono's eyes were full of tears.

"Tell Risa that I will let him see my wife at once, if he writes to me himself and asks for it. I am sorry for Risa's having

come up such a distance, but I cannot help it."

Sono came to the entrance of the house, and found Risa weeping and biting her lips.

"I'm sure you've heard all about it. He is right in what he said, so I cannot do anything with him. I've decided not to see my father. Please tell my father: 'Tanosuke Shiba's wife cannot go to any place without her husband's permission.'"

"My dear Sono! I'll not urge you any more. I hope you'll keep your good health." Risa was choked by smothered sobs, and could say no more.

Sono, suppressing her tears with difficulty, managed at last say, "I hope you too will keep well..... and I ask you to attend to my father..... and my mother in place of my doing so."

Risa took Sono's hand, and sobbed hard.

Sono pacified the agitated nurse, and saw her off at the door.

Sono tried to appear as usual, but she was downcast the whole evening and the next day. Naturally she spoke little to her husband, who was also depressed under these conditions.

Right after lunch he went out with his easel on his shoulder, for he could not enjoy himself at home. She guessed where he was going, so she did not ask him.

The sun was bright in the clear winter sky but the air was somewhat foggy. There was a reddish mist at a distance; and there was no wind, as is usual on such a misty day. It was not cold, and one felt his cheeks burn as he walked. Tanosuke was a good walker. He hurried on his way, and was perspiring when he arrived at his destination. He began to sketch the landscape, but he was heavy at heart. Sauntering

around he seemed to be struck with an idea, and quickened his steps toward a hill. As it was a winter day, the evening was drawing on apace. The setting sun was pouring its red rays over the forest at the left. From an opening in the forest at the right was seen a large ravine whose further end was screened by a mist. Tanosuke walked straight down the narrow alley, and went across the railroad track. Turning to the right, he saw a forest at a distance of twenty-five feet, which was bathed in the setting sun. The scene held the artist's attention. He sat at the edge of a bridge, and began to sketch the scene before him.

In the middle of the forest was a huge tree which was surrounded by larches. Among these larches were mingled ashes in the golden yellow of the evening sunshine.

There was a certain uneasiness at the artist's heart, but now the lure of his art

captured him; he became utterly forgetful of his family and his troubles in life. Thus he occupied forty minutes. The sun had gone down before he had finished sketching the huge trees and the trunks of a few trees at the left. Then Tanosuke had to stop his work for the day. "I think I'll have to come here four or five times more to finish up the picture," he said to himself. "By the way, what should be the title of the picture?" The artist was glad to rack his brain on such a subject. "A Golden Forest!" "Some might say that sounds rather prosaic, but I like the name."

It was five o'clock when he got home.

"You are back already, my dear?" His wife greeted him in her usual graceful manner, but she seemed heavy at heart. Tanosuke did not feel like telling her about his day's work.

After supper Sono was washing dishes.

Tanosuke, to help his wife, was amusing his little son on his knees. The lovely boy seemed to have a good time with his father, but he soon got tired of it, and began to cry after his mother.

Sono, wiping her wet hands, entered the room.

"There, it's all right, my darling, it's all right. Don't cry so hard! What's the matter with you? Did you play on your father's knees?" She asked the baby who was still unable to talk. The mother took the baby on her lap, but he did not stop crying. Singing a lullaby, she walked to and fro on the veranda with him.

Shigeru did not go to asleep, but still cried. The mother continued her singing in a low tone. Within the room Tanosuke was sitting by a brazier, listening to her singing though his mind was not on the song.

Tanosuke had lost his parents when he

was a child. Ever since that he had been hardened toward the world, and had become obstinate although by nature he had a tender heart. He entertained ill-feeling toward Sono's father. However, as his baby was growing and his love for his own child was increasing, he was beginning to think sympathetically of the paternal love of Sono's father toward her. He had sent Risa back when she had come as a messenger from Sono's father, but he was not entirely at peace; his heart struggled with a feeling of triumph and shame. Just at this moment he heard Sono singing her lullaby. Every note seemed to linger plaintively in the still darkening sky. Hot tears ran down his cheeks.

"Sono!" Tanosuke called to his wife gently. Sono entered the room, and was surprised at the unusually kind expression on his face.

"Sono! You had better go to Kyōbashi

to see your father. I'll take you to his home."

Sono stared at her husband, and could not speak.

"I realize that you are surprised at the sudden change in my attitude toward your father. Now I feel keenly his paternal love toward his child, for your father loves you just as we do our baby. I'll write to your father. With my letter go to your father at once."

"Thank you my dear." Sono could not wipe away the tears running. She prepared herself immediately while Tanosuke wrote a letter to his father-in-law. The young wife carried the baby on her back.* The couple started for Kyōbashi.

They came to the vicinity of the Ōmiya. Tanosuke handed the letter to his wife, and left her, saying that he would wait for her at a friend's home at Shimbashi.

* Japanese women carry their babies on their backs.

Not to speak of the joy of the old couple, Risa was very much surprised with the unexpected visit of Sonoko. They were all too much pleased to take notice of Sono's shabby dress, and took her into the old man's bed room.

"Sono!" Only a word came from her old father's lips.

"Father! It is a long time since I saw you!" greeted Sono with difficulty. All those who were in the room laid their faces on the mat-floor. Their long-suppressed feeling broke out in torrents.

The old man took Tanosuke's letter which read as follows:

"I see now there is no difference in our paternal love. Sono and I love our little Shigeru just as you must love Sono. To-day I send you Sono to inquire after your health. You may talk with her as long as you please."

"Is Tanosuke in our house?" asked the old man.

"No, he is waiting for me at a friend's home near by," replied Sono.

"Send for him, and tell him that I want to see him.

* * * *

Gonzō Ōmiya took Tanosuke's hand. The old wife held her grandson on her lap. Tears of love washed away all their selfish stubbornness.

As soon as Tanosuke worked up "the Golden Forest," he took it to his father-in-law who was still lying in bed.

POETICAL IDEAS.

A WHITE CLOUD OVER A HILL.

A white cloud was floating in the sky. A boy climbed a hill, and lay down under the shade of a pine-tree. While he was gazing at the cloud, he fell asleep. He had a pleasant dream: he thought he was carried away by the cloud, and was enjoying himself floating on the endless blue sky. He was so happy that he forgot everything on earth. When he woke up, the setting sun was declining toward the western sky. The leaves of the maple trees on the hill looked as red as burning fire. The wind played musically, blowing over the branches of the pine-trees; one might compare the sound to that of waves dashing over the island far off. Having been in such a secluded place he felt as if he was again in a dream land, and

forgot all that he saw in the sky. Time flew by. The boy returned to the busy world. In tears, he recalled the white cloud over the hill and the autumn sun, whenever he met wearisome distress and annoyance.

TWO TRAVELLERS.

A traveller was walking on a lonely path of a snow-covered mountain. The deeper the snow drifted the more dangerous the path became. He could not withstand the intensity of the cold, and fell down. Just at that time another traveller was coming up the mountain. He was greatly alarmed at finding a man fallen on the path. He helped the unconscious man, giving him medicine. The man recovered his senses, and thanked the kind traveller saying heartily: "I shall remember this all my life long." The traveller replied only by a benignant smile.

"When I return home I will tell people

about your kind deed, and compose a poem for you so that they will remember you forever." said the man. Still the traveller answered only by his smile. Then they travelled together hurrying on their way. As the snow drifted deeper and deeper, the path became very dangerous. One of them fell down, and the other took his hand to help him. Thereupon both fell into a bottomless valley of snow. No one knows their whereabouts. They are among the missing forever. How could people know about the noble deed of one of the travellers?

BARREN LAND.

There is a proverb concerning the sowing of the seeds of the tender chrysanthemum and those of the beautiful violet. The seeds of the chrysanthemum died, because they were sowed in a barren land where the

wind blew hard and the sun was hot. The seeds of the violet were sown in a broad field where fresh water flowed, birds sang, and a spring haze spread over the sky. Tender leaves came out from the seeds, and the field was soon covered with violets. By using the proverb to illustrate his point, a wise man once tried to teach people to be kind to one another. They were, however, too hard-hearted to understand his noble instruction, and their country became a desert.

A PLUM-TREE AT THE WAYSIDE.

There was once a little girl. She ate a plum at her friend's home. It was so delicious that she brought the stone home, and planted it under the fence by her house. The girl lived at her father's restaurant, a small place close by a main road, from which many travellers dropped in. Years passed by. The house decayed and weeds grew

about in the vicinity. The plum-tree at the wayside grew tall and bore delicious fruit every year. Travellers passing by plucked and ate the fruit to quench their thirst. But nobody knew whether the girl who first planted the plum-tree was still living or not.

MY SAD RECOLLECTION OF A PICTURE.

This is a story told by a certain Okamoto.

Children are usually fond of pictures, but when I was a little school boy, I was extravagantly fond of them. To tell the truth I liked drawing better than any of my other studies. It is a fact that one can excel in any art to which he takes a liking. I was full of high notions of my art, and would proudly challenge my school mates to a contest in drawing and mathematics. You understand what I mean by contest. I mean a rival to vie with. Probably it was my nature to like art, for if I were left alone I would do nothing but draw. To say that I could spend the whole day in drawing sounds as if I was a quiet, gentle boy; but in fact I was the most boisterous, mischievous boy in the school. The principal

was annoyed with me and often threatened to expel me. There was no one in the school who could beat me in rough games or mathematics, but Shimura took from me an honor in drawing in which I was so much interested. All the boys looked up to Shimura as an artistic genius, but I never yielded to him, for I had a secret ambition to surpass him. I was one year younger than he and one year below him in classification. However as I had the special permission of the principal to study some courses that Shimura was taking, I came to look upon him as a rival in my studies.

Shimura was very popular in the school. He was a gentle, pretty boy with such a fair complexion that one could wish he were a girl. The principal, the teachers, and hundreds of scholars showed their goodwill toward Shimura. I was also a good-looking boy, but lost the favor of my teachers because I was boisterous and quarrelsome.

Since I always received the highest grades in examinations, and was at the head of my class, I came to assume an arrogant manner. This was the reason why the teachers disliked me. Though I was the leader of my class, I was not popular among my classmates, who looked on me as a little tyrant. They all took Shimura's side and wanted him to get an honor, at least in drawing. I could easily guess that they anxiously desired to humble my proud spirit. They praised Shimura highly whether his drawing was inferior or not, but did not pay any attention to my work even when it was done excellently. I was young and thoughtless, yet I felt keenly the injustice to my art.

One day there was an exhibition in the school: the boys presented their best works of penmanship and drawing; the girls exhibited the articles which they had made in their sewing classes. In the morning the

parents, brothers, and sisters of the pupils came to see the school exhibition, and talked much about the children's work. The boys and girls, anxious to hear their criticism, went nervously in and out of the exhibition room. I made for the exhibition a big picture of a horse's head. It was the profile of a horse, and was a hard subject for a boy to work at. However at this time I was full of the ambition of beating Shimura. As soon as I returned home I shut myself in my room, and drew the outline of my picture according to a copybook. Then to complete my sketch I went many times to the livery at a mulberry garden which was only a block away from my home. When I had worked out my picture, I knew that it was the best work I had ever done, whether in the outline, in the shadows, or in strokes of my brush. I was confident that I could defeat Shimura at the exhibition, and believed that

the teachers and pupils could not but recognize the true value of my work this time, however partial they might be.

The children did their work for the exhibition at their own homes in order to keep their secret, so they were entirely ignorant of what others were drawing. Especially Shimura and I strictly kept the titles of our pictures from each other. I often wondered, while I was working at my horse's head, what Shimura's subject would be.

Now the day for the exhibition had come. I entered the room with my heart beating hard. I suppose there was none who saw the exhibition with a more anxious heart than I. The room was crowded with the parents, brothers, and sisters of the pupils, and their eyes were turned toward the two star pictures of the day, Shimura's and mine. As soon as I looked at Shimura's picture I was spellbound. He had made a picture of

the great Columbus, and had drawn it with chalk ! In the school they taught us drawing with pencil but never with chalk, so I had never expected this of Shimura. His new medium, to say nothing of his skill, took me completely by surprise. Of course there was no comparison between the dignified picture of Columbus with his great mustaches, and the picture of a horse's head. Moreover the color of chalk could not be rivalled by that of a pencil, whatever pains one might take. My picture was a boy's work while Shimura's was an artist's. However obstinate I was, I could do nothing but admit his superiority over me in drawing. Shimura's admirers were grouped together here and there, and were exclaiming : " The picture of the horse is pretty good but —Oh ! What a picture of Columbus ! "

I rushed out the school gate. Without returning home I went to the field. I could not stop the tears running on my cheeks.

With a feeling of shame and regret I ran to the bank as if I were in a dream, and threw myself on the grass. I kicked the grass and cried with a loud voice. But my resentment was not yet healed. I picked up stones and threw them madly in every direction. Even while I was so violent with anger I could not help saying to myself: "When did Shimura learn chalk drawing? Who taught him?"

After crying and raging to my heart's content, I felt a little better. Looking up at the boundless blue sky I heard the bubbling sound of a stream. The soft spring breeze touched my face, so fresh from its trip across the field of young grass. I was refreshed and meditated for some moments. Suddenly I was struck with an idea: "I will draw a picture with chalk." I jumped up instantly, and hurried back home. With the permission of my father, I bought a piece of chalk and went out again with my easel.

232 MY SAD RECOLLECTION OF A PICTURE.

This was my first attempt at drawing a picture with chalk. I had often seen such drawing, but had never tried it, for I was not quite sure if I could work with it. But I said to myself: "Why can I not do what Shimura has done!" I went again to the river side. I thought I would sketch the mill which I had once drawn with a pencil. I walked along the bank to go to the upper part of the stream. The old mill over which vines were creeping, was partly hidden from view by thick trees. Although I was a mere child at that time, the scene appealed to me as an interesting subject for a picture. I went down the bank to the shore in order to sketch the mill across the bank. Here by the side of a willow, I found a boy sitting on the grass and sketching the mill. He was so absorbed in his work that he did not notice my approach. However, I saw at a glance that it was my rival Shimura.

"Heavens! He also is coming here! What an offensive fellow he is to get ahead of me in whatever I do!" I was very angry, but was reluctant to withdraw from the place. I stood still and gazed at him without knowing what to do.

He was very intent on his work. The lower part of his body was buried in grass. His easel was standing in front of him. The soft light coming from between the leaves of the willow fell upon his fair face and his shoulder, but the rest of his body was screened from the sun by the willow. "Good!" I said to myself. "I will sketch him!" Now that my heart was lured to the task the spiteful feeling toward him vanished away. Once in a while he raised his head to look at the mill, and a happy smile lighted up his cheeks. I could not help smiling whenever he smiled. Presently he stood up, turning his head toward me, and

smiled. There was an inexplicable sweet expression on his face. Unconsciously I smiled back at him.

"What are you drawing?" He asked me.

"I am just sketching you."

"I have done sketching the mill."

"Have you? I haven't finished my sketch yet."

"No?" He sat down and returned to his former attitude. "Go on with your drawing meanwhile I will correct my picture."

I resumed my work. While I was sketching him, the spiteful feeling toward him entirely disappeared from my heart, and I began to love him.

"Now I have it!" I exclaimed.

"I declare, you have drawn a picture with chalk!" said he, as he came close to me.

"It's not very good. This is simply my first attempt. From whom did you learn chalk drawing?"

"You remember Mr. Okuno who returned from Tokyo? He is my teacher of drawing. But I haven't taken enough lessons yet to draw well."

"Your picture of Columbus was very fine! I never expected that you could do such splendid work."

From this time on Shimura became my companion. I trusted his genius implicitly, and the gentle boy loved me as his best friend. I went to school with him. Many times I accompanied him on sketching trips to hills and fields.

After a while Shimura and I left the native village to enter a middle school and lived in a certain town which was at the center of the prefecture. We enjoyed drawing more than anything else, and often went out sketching. It was about seventeen miles to the town from the native village. But if we rode in a carriage, we had to take a cir-

236 MY SAD RECOLLECTION ON A PICTURE.

cuitous road of twenty six miles. So we went on foot whenever we returned home for a vacation. It took us a whole day to go home. On the way we saw hills, slopes, valleys, streams, pools, waterfalls, children, and forests. We studied the shape, the color, the light and the type of the things we had seen, and racked our brains to make a good picture out of them. We rambled along the road and sketched the scene with pencil. He never left me while I was sketching. He never stopped his work while I was drawing. In this companionship we took no note of time. Sometimes we ran the last two miles to get home before dark.

After several years an unforeseen necessity compelled Shimura to leave the school before he had finished. I left home and went to Tokyo for study. Four or five years passed, and gradually communication ceased between Shimura and me. I was still interested in

drawing, but drew less and less frequently, and at last I simply satisfied my thirst for the art in looking at the masterpieces of great artists in the city.

At last, when I was twenty years old, I returned home after a long absence. In the attic I found my old easel that I used to carry, and recalled Shimura immediately. I asked a villager about him. To my great astonishment he said that Shimura had died at the age of seventeen.

I went out with my easel and pencil. My native village looked just as in the days of yore, but I was altered both physically and mentally. The joyous spirit of childhood was no longer within me. My attitude toward Nature had changed since I had wrestled with the hard problems of life. An inexplicable sorrow hung over me and my heart was not at ease. It was the middle of summer. I carried my easel with me, but I

did not feel like drawing a picture. I sauntered about the fields where I used to sketch with Shimura. There is a joy in the darkness; there is a sorrow in the light. Turning up the rim of my straw hat, I saw the hills far away and the woods near by. The scene was bright with the dazzling sunshine. But I shed tears involuntarily.

SIR TOMIOKA.

I.

In the old estate of a certain Prince—I cannot tell you his name—there were many who sprang up to the rank of nobility, and were given the titles of marquis, count, viscount and baron at the time of the Restoration. At this time of fortune for ambitious young men, however, some failed to get even the chair of a prefectural governor—to say nothing of the title of baron—and spent the rest of their lives quietly in the province. Men of this sort are usually eccentric, bigoted, stubborn and haughty. Sir Tomioka was a well known old man. Not only the people of the vicinity knew him but also some titled men in Tokyo, when they heard his name, would say: “Hum, I know that fellow,” and they would frown.

What was he doing then in the province? He had a small house of five rooms which was surrounded by a rice-swamp. Refusing the aid of his relatives, he opened a school in the small house with his scant means, and was teaching Chinese classics to a few young men of the neighborhood. He lived with his youngest daughter, and they left the rough household work to an old servant.

The youngest daughter was called Umeko. People expected her to be an extraordinary beauty, as she was a very pretty girl at the age of six or seven. And true to their expectation, she became more beautiful as she grew up. She passed the spring of her seventeenth year. It was the later part of her eighteenth summer and a few days before the beginning of the school year that Teijirō Ōtsu LL.B. returned home.

There were three young men who had received university degrees after they had

finished Sir Tomioka's school (of course they studied Chinese classics under Sir Tomioka's instruction while they went to a primary school). It was a fact which was known to many people that these three young men each aspired to make Miss Umeko his own. People thought it was natural for them to want her, but it was a question which of the three would return to Tokyo with Miss Umeko. Many young men were watching the progress of their suit with a jealous eye.

Teijirō Ōtsu LL.B. returned home. This added an interesting topic to the idle gossip of the people in towns and villages from the west of the mount X to the river X.

"At last Mr. Ōtsu's son has returned home to asked for Miss Umeko's hand. If he succeeds, Mr. Takayama and Mr. Hasegawa's son will be disappointed."

"Miss Umeko may be considered as a rare beauty in this small village, but one can

find in Tokyo many girls who are as pretty as Umeko, so the other two young men will not pay attention to Miss Umeko only." commented the village women enthusiastically.

One evening a fine-looking young man stopped at Sir Tomioka's gate. He reconnoitered the state of the inside from the outside for a while. He seemed to hesitate to enter the house, but at last he knocked at the door with an unsteady hand.

"Some one is at the door." said Sir Tomioka in his usual loud voice.

Paper screens were slowly slid in, and Miss Umeko appeared. Miss Umeko and the young gentleman looked at each other, and both of them blushed. Umeko bowed slightly, and withdrew.

"What! Teijirō Ōtsu has come! Tell him to come in!" was distinctly heard in the old man's rough voice.

Umeko showed Ōtsu into Sir Tomioka's

sitting room. This was the room where he had studied Chinese classics under Sir Tomioka's instruction. Of course he remembered that, and so called on his old teacher when he returned home for his summer vacation.

"How do you do, Ōtsu? You have returned home, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. I received the degree of LL.B. anyhow."

"What is that, eh?"

"Through Marquis Etō's recommendation, I shall be appointed an officer of the Department of Home Affairs."

"Is that so? You consider it as a good luck, eh? So be it. Who is Marquis Etō?"

"That is Marquis Naobumi Etō."

"Is that Sansuke? Why didn't you say so before? By the way how is Sansuke?"

"He is well as usual."

"That's good. How is Kyōnosuke?"

"He is enjoying good health."

"Well, next time you see him, give him my best wishes."

"Certainly, I will do so."

"Tell him to write to me sometime. Tell him not to forget that he was a 'Shizoku' although he is now assuming a manner of Marquis. You are one of my old pupils, and beg favors of those upstarts! Shame on you! Had you asked me, I would have written them a letter for you. I know they could not refuse me whatever I ask."

Their conversation ended in this manner, but Sir Tomioka was quite unconcerned. Ōtsu took leave in a short time. Umeko came to the door to see him off. Giving her a sideglance, he said: "I will come again in a few days." With a quick pace he walked to the gate and took breath as if he had been released.

"He is not right. He is not cured from his craze and haughtiness yet. I feel sorry

for Miss Umeko. Pshaw! The old man tries to treat me as a dunce." Grumbling to himself, he walked along the dark, winding path of the rice-field. He was not very peaceful at heart.

After a few days it was reported that Teijiro Ōtsu was engaged to Miss Kuroda. Those who heard it were very much surprised, but the report was true. Miss Kuroda was the daughter of Mr. Kuroda, a landlord, and was much inferior in her personal appearance to Miss Umeko. Soon after the graduation from a provincial Girls' High School, returned home and met Mr. Ōtsu through the introduction of a friend, and became engaged to him. Thus Ōtsu withdrew from the rivalry, and left Hasegawa and Takayama to strive for Umeko's heart. Young men of the village watched with interest to see which one would make Umeko his own, and they gossiped boldly about the matter.

Ōtsu LL.B. proposed to make his trip to Tokyo his honeymoon, so the Ōtsu and the Kuroda were busily engaged with the preparation for their marriage. These two houses being considered as the better class of society in the country, there were many guests coming to offer their congratulation. In the small village, the wedding of the Ōtsu and the Kuroda was more than that of the Mitsui and the Yuwazaki in Tokyo.

It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of the wedding, two men were fishing under the shade of the willow which grew near the lower part of a stream running into the sea. One was Sir Tomioko, the other was a young man about twenty-seven years old. He was the school-master, Shigeru Hosokawa who had studied previously at Sir Tomioka's school. About twelve feet down in the water their horks dangled at the end of the lines. It was the beginning of autumn. The

evening sun was shining brightly over the hills and woods far and near. They were fishing with their backs toward the setting sun which was shining directly behind them over their white summer garbs and their straw hats which were tilted to one side. They were silent as if they were meditating. Suddenly the school-master, Hosokawa, turned toward the old man and said:

"Sir, are you invited to Mr. Ōtsu's wedding to-night?"

"Yes, but I am not going," replied the old man in his usual deep voice. To tell the truth, however, the old man was not invited. I do not know the reason, but Ōtsu had not invited his old teacher to his wedding. "How about yourself?" said the old man.

"Mr. Ōtsu does not care for me these days, so he did not invite me to his wedding."

"Don't go there if he invites you. I know you are not so foolish as to please such an

insincere fellow. Even the daughter of Kuroda is too much for him. Takayama and Hasegawa also graduated from the university, but comparing them with Ōtsu they are much superior in their character to Ōtsu. Among them Takayama is the most promising young man, I think."

Shigeru Hosokawa said nothing, only gazed at the surface of the water. The old man also stopped his talking. In a moment, they heard the voices of two or three men who were walking on the bank across the river. Because of intervening water willows, the old man and Hosokawa could not see their figures, but their hats and umbrellas were seen at intervals between the leaves of the willows, and by their voices the men could guess that one was Teijirō Ōtsu, one his friend, and the other Kuroda's clerk. The old man and Hosokawa listened to them involuntarily. The three men were enjoying

themselves and laughing boisterously. They came to the bank just opposite to the old man and Hosokawa. Of course they did not know that the old man and Hosokawa were crouching over there.

"I have heard that you are deeply in love with Miss Umeko." This was the voice of Kuroda's clerk.

"No, no. That is only a report; I have no objection to Miss Umeko, but I wouldn't like to become the son-in-law of that obstinate, old man, ha! ha! Poor girl! She cannot come out in the world on account of the crazy, haughty, old man!" This was certainly the voice of Ōtsu LL.B.

The three men burst out laughing at the same time. The old man threw out his fishing rod, and stood up suddenly. Looking at them sharply, he chid them in a loud voice: "You, big fools!" His frightful voice echoed over the surface of water. The three on the

other side were startled at the old man's voice, and departed hastily, apparently they understood who it was. The old man gazed at the opposite bank until their footsteps died away. Gradually he turned his eyes to the barren mountain far away. The evening sun was pouring its soft beams over the small pine trees upon the hill. It seemed as if, even in the bright sunlight Nature was wearing her lonely attire of autumn, and was turning man's heart in a pessimistic way. The tall, strongly built old man was watching the scene quietly. He sustained no more the proud demeanour of a few minutes before. Now and then a tear was seen in his eyes. He turned to Shigeru Hosokawa, and said with a crestfallen manner :

"You bring my fishing-tackle for me, won't you. I am going home." With these words the old man had gone. Being left alone the school-master could not enjoy himself, but he

was still dangling the line. To tell the truth, he was busy thinking about something. After a while, as if he also was discouraged, he wound up the line, took up the basket, and carried them on his shoulder with the old man's fishing tackle. He went to Sir Tomioka's house which was situated not far from there. Standing in the yard he asked the old servant, Kurazō, in a low tone of voice.

"What's the matter with the old man?"

"Nothing."

"I was afraid something had happened to him, as he looked a little different from usual. What is he doing now?"

"He is lying down. He called his daughter to his bed-side, and is whispering to her."

"Well, well!"

"Come in and spend the afternoon with us!"

"I will come again in the evening, if I

may." Hosokawa carrying his fishing-rod on his shoulder and his basket in his hand, returned home down-hearted. It was past four o'clock. His old mother was spinning cotton at home.

At about eight o'clock when the old man was usually enjoying himself with his evening drink, the school-master went out to call on him. Along the little path by the rice-field many lanterns were seen here and there. It was because of the wedding of Ōtsu LL.B. Hosokawa met some who were on their way to the marriage feast. Those he knew, he greeted with a pleasant "Hello," although there was no feeling of pleasure at his heart.

He went to the gate of Sir Tomioka's house, but the door was closed, and he could not hear any noise from the inside. He could not understand why it was so quiet; but as he had no especial business to knock at the door, he sauntered along the road, meditating

to himself. After a little, he saw the old servant coming in haste down the narrow path.

"Hello! Kurazō! Has your master gone to bed already?"

"Heavens! He's started for Tokyo!" panted the old servant, out of breath with his quick walk, stopping in front of Hosokawa as he spoke.

"What! To Tokyo.....!" Hosokawa's voice died away in his throat.

"Yes, sir. To Tokyo!"

"What was the matter? And Miss Umeko?"

"She has gone with her father."

"You don't say so! The school-master was greatly surprised at this news, and at the same time he felt unspeakable pain in his heart. He was dumbfounded. Opening the gate Kurazō said: "Won't you come in, sir?" Following after the old servant,

he entered the gate. He sat down on the porch, but he did it as if in a dream.

"You don't know anything about it, do you?" asked the servant.

"How do I know! I went fishing with Sir Tomioka, but he did not tell me anything."

"Can it be possible?" Kurazō began to smoke; his face assumed a puzzled expression.

"Don't you know the reason?"

"Why, sir! I simply went to the president of the village to carry a letter to him according to my master's order. When I returned home, I found my master had already prepared himself for his trip. I saw him off at the station, and just returned. I don't know anything further."

"Hum....." after thinking a while the school-master asked: "Did he tell when he would return home?"

"He said: 'I think I will come home in ten days, but I am not sure about it.'"

"I see!" The school-master sighed. "I will come again." With these words Hosokawa immediately left Sir Tomioka's house, and called on the president of the village.

The president was a little over forty years old, and a man of discretion. He was well off, and had the confidence of the people in the village. Whenever Hosokawa met with a difficulty, he went to the president to consult with him.

"Sir, do you know that Sir Tomioka has gone to Tokyo?" asked Hosokawa as soon as he sat down.

"Yes, indeed. A few minutes ago Kurazō brought me Sir Tomioka's letter asking my attention to his house during his absence." replied the president lifting up his head from the bed. He had been invited by Ōtsu to his wedding but could not go out as he had taken cold.

"Why did he go to Tokyo so suddenly?"

"He did not tell me the reason in his letter. But we can guess at it, can we not?" He watched Hosokawa's face smilingly. He perceived that Hosokawa was secretly in love with Umeko.

"I cannot understand it." sighed the school-master.

"Why can you not? Ōtsu married Miss Kuroda. So Sir Tomioka's hope was frustrated. There! With his usual obstinate nature he wanted to show them what he could do. So I guess he went to Tokyo with the purpose of asking the assistance of Marquis Etō, and Count Inoshita for his daughter."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes. Besides Sir Tomioka has always spoken good of Takayama, so I think, the old man wants to negotiate the marriage between Takayama and Miss Umeko by Count Inoshita's assistance. That will not be so

bad for Takayama, as he is always casting his eyes upon Miss Umeko."

"Do you think so?" Hosokawa's voice was trembling.

"Of course. The old man wants to get ahead of Otsu. That will be a good thing for him, as he is getting old. He shall be able to die in peace, if he finds a good husband for Miss Umeko." said the president calmly in a matter-of-fact voice; partly because he wanted Hosokawa to give up all thoughts of Umeko.

"You are right, sir. The old man looks pretty well now, but I am afraid too, that he may not live very long." said Hosokawa in a downhearted manner and immediately left the president's house

Poor Hosokawa! He was sorely disappointed. With the disappointment of his love, another struggle was going on in his heart—he could not help thinking if he only had a

university degree. When he was in the primary school, he was ahead of Ōtsu and Takayama in his studies. At Sir Tomioka's school, he was his best pupil and his favorite. But his parents could not afford to send him to a high school, so he entered a normal school where he could study at government expense, and became a teacher of a primary school. In his mission he was by no means inferior to his old school mates, but even Sir Tomioka considered Ōtsu and Takayama as men superior to Hosokawa, and wanted to give his daughter to one of the two. It was hard for Hosokawa to bear this painful struggle besides the disappointment of love. However, as he was sincere in nature and a man who was able to endure hardship and adversity, he did not neglect his duty at school. In his usual manner he was directing a few teachers and hundreds of children as their principal, but the trace of dis-

appointment was slightly noticable on his face.

II.

Sir Tomioka returned home with his daughter a week from the day when he had taken his sudden notion and started for Tokyo. The school-master, Hosokawa, received a note from Sir Tomioka saying: "I am just back again. Come and spend the evening with us." He began to wonder where he was, when he read the note.

On the way to Sir Tomioka's Hosokawa indulged in all sorts of imaginary visions, and thought perhaps Fortune had begun to smile upon him. He went there in haste, and found Sir Tomioka drinking wine with the president of the village. Umeko, with her usual smile, was waiting upon them.

"Hello, Hosokawa! I suppose you were surprised at my sudden departure. I took

Umeko to Tokyo simply because I wanted her see its sights. I intended to stay there about ten days, but every thing over there made me provoked, so I returned home in three days. I have just been telling the president that my old acquaintances who moved to Tokyo are no good. There is not a single fellow among them whom I respect."

The school-master could not understand what Sir Tomioka really meant. He did not know how to answer, and was looking at their faces vaguely. The president was smiling significantly.

"Now listen! I paid a visit to Bunkichi Inouye and Sansuke Etō with my daughter. Could you imagine how they treated us, eh? The snobbish conduct of those newly-made nobles made me provoked, so I left there in half an hour, and returned to the hotel where I stayed." The old man dried a cup, and handed it to the school-master. "I might

excuse those snobs, but I could not stand the way Takayama and Hasegawa acted. Those fellows are no good. They are as impertinent as Ōtsu is. I am disgusted with their manner, pretending to be government officials. As I was getting ready for home, to my astonishment, Takayama came to me and said : 'Sir, you have brought your daughter so far. Won't you leave her at Count Inouye's who would willingly take care of her for your sake, as he feels sorry because of your circumstances.' Hearing these words I boxed him on the ear, and said : 'You blockhead ! Are you trying to fool me and look down upon me ?' "

"What did Takayama do then ?" asked the school-master curtly.

"Why, he could not do anything, he ran away from me, as if he was very much ashamed. Immediately I left Tokyo without stopping any place."

"That's too bad. I am sorry you did not enjoy your trip to Tokyo, after you took so much trouble in going over there." said the schoolmaster timidly.

The old man raising the tone of his voice higher began to talk of things in his youth, and to criticize the nobility at the present day. The president of the village left Sir Tomioka's in good time. The school-master kept him company patiently until the old man got tired of talking and drinking. When Hosokawa took his leave Miss Umeko saw him off at the door. The school-master looked happy, and his steps were light, as if he had unloaded a heavy burden which he had carried for several days. He walked hurriedly along the winding path of rice-fields. When he arrived home, he did not remember which way he had come.

III.

Two days later a letter came to the president of the village from Takayama LL.B. at Tokyo. The letter read as follows :

"Sir Tomioka departed rather suddenly for home soon after his arrival at Tokyo. It worries me. He is as obstinate as ever. Not only myself, but also his old friends here think of him kindly. However Sir Tomioka entirely misunderstood us and is angry at us. I really don't know what to do with him. To tell the truth, I have been thinking of making Miss Umeko my wife. It was my plan to let Miss Umeko stay at Count Inoshita's, and by the Count's assistance I intended to make her a proposal. I regret, however, all was in vain, as the old man returned home so suddenly. I do not love Miss Umeko because of her personal


appearance only, but also for her loving disposition. I presume you know that she has a sweet nature such as one can seldom find among young girls at the present day. I have met many young ladies at Tokyo, but I have never seen one like Miss Umeko so gentle, so free from any peculiarities. *You may agree with my opinion that in Miss Umeko's nature one can find every thing that is considered beautiful in woman: she is serene, so quiet, so gentle, so kind. If we were to point out a defect, it is that she has very little of the vigorous element in her nature. But as it is only a fool who seeks a perfect being in this world, we might say that Miss Umeko is a most perfect type of womanhood or we might say that this lack of a vigorous element makes her character more refined. I adore her most sincerely—not in frivolous way by any means. I hope you will kindly assist me, and persuade the

old man who, as you know, is so obstinate. If you do this for me, I will do my part by the kind assistance of Count Inoshita.

I want you, however, to seek an opportune time to talk with the old man. You may fail, if you desire too eagerly the speedy completion of this matter. I am sure you know this, but I speak of it for precaution's sake. Sir Tomioka has a heart just as we have, so he understands our human nature. But he has also something obstinate in his nature. Moreover, at the time of the Restoration, he failed in rising to prominence, and became a teacher in a country school; while his friends were raised to various ranks of nobility.² Thereupon he became so desperate, so obstinate that one could not do anything with him. You see there are two opposite sides in his nature; one is his natural disposition, the other has been brought about by circumstances and his

mode of life. As he has lived in adversity his natural disposition has been suppressed, and he has become ill tempered. Consequently when one fails to please him, he refuses a thing even though to do so goes against his own desire. I hope you understand this thoroughly, and will talk with him when he is in good humor."

This was the content of Takayama's long letter which had evidently been written with much earnestness. The president of the village understood the young man's desire, and wanted to find a good opportunity of helping him with his proposal. Three days elapsed after the president received the letter. In the evening of the third day, he called on the old man in order to see, if it was a good time to talk with him. But he found school-master drinking wine with the old man. The president was almost frightened at the old man's attitude, so



he did not stay long. Five days passed after this and then the president started for Sir Tomioka's at about two o'clock one day. When he came to the gate, he heard distinctly the loud voice of the old man.

"You blockhead! Even you have become a fool, have you? I say, you are a simpleton!"

The president was surprised at his harsh words, and stood still to discover whom he was rating so. While he was listening, he saw the old servant, Kurazō, coming out quietly.

"Kurazō! Tell me whom the old man is scolding!" said the president in a low voice. Kurazō hushed him by a gesture, and whispered in his ear,

"He is scolding his daughter!"

"What! Is he scolding Miss Umeko!" said the president opening his eyes in aston-

ishment. No wonder that he was so surprised. The old man had never scolded Umeko before. However obstinate he might be, the old man had always looked entirely different when he spoke to his daughter. He loved her devotedly, and no storm ever occurred between the father and the daughter.

"What's the trouble?" asked the president astonished.

"I don't know why it is but since his return from Tokyo, he is drinking wine every day. Such an affectionate father as he was to Miss Umeko, but now he easily gets angry at her even with trifling matters. I really don't know what to do with him." Here the tone of his voice became more sad. "I am afraid he will not live very long. I don't like to speak of anything like this, though." said Kurazō with tears in his eyes. Then he heard the old man calling him from the porch, but he continued talking. "But

almost every evening the school-master calls on him. He seems to be in a good humor, while the school master keeps him company. I really admire Mr. Hosokawa's patience; he always speaks to him gently whatever the old man may say. That's why my master recovers his humor while Mr. Hosokawa stays with him."

"Kurazō! Is Kurazō not there?" again the old man called his servant in a loud voice.

Nodding to the president, Kurazō hurried off to the yard. The president stood thinking a while with his arms folded, and then he turned his steps towards home with a sigh.

IV.

The president of the village could not find an opportunity of speaking to Sir Tomioka concerning Takayama's request; while the

school-master called on the old man almost every night, and talked with him until a little past ten. We might more truthfully say that he was listening to the old man's nonsense, reproach and conceit than that he was talking with him. Lately the old man had become addicted to excessive drinking, and had become quarrelsome. One could notice the difference in his attitude toward his daughter. Sometimes he abused her saying: "You idiot! The grave would be the place for you! I could not die in peace while you are living!" However, the gentle Umeko bore patiently the old man's abuses, and was attending in a kind manner on her old father.

"Miss Umeko, I have never seen such a kind lady as you are. You are just simply an angel. I admire you....." and tears were rolling down the cheeks of the old servant.

Time slipped away unnoticed. Now it was the middle of autumn. Shigeru Hosokawa did not call on the old man on account of his cold. But when his fever was over, he started for Sir Tomioka's at about seven o'clock one day.

Hosokawa wondered why it was so quiet within. When he entered the house, he found Umeko sewing alone in the room next to her father's sitting room. He thought it was still more strange, as she did not lift up her head but kept her eyes on her work. By the light of the lamp, he saw that tears were streaming down her pale cheeks.

"What's the matter with you, Miss Umeko?" asked the school-master quickly, for he was much disturbed. She continued watching the needle silently with her head bent down.

"Who is there?" shouted out the old man in the next room.

"This is I, Hosokawa." answered the young man.

"What are you doing there without coming in here. Come in right away, I want you ! "

"I am coming, sir." replied the school-master. As he was about to leave the room, Umeko looked up at him and wept. He was much confused with her strange behavior, and wavered. But as he could neither say a word nor stay there, he entered the old man's sitting room. He did not know why, but he felt a shudder pass over his body. His face turned pale as he sat down. The old man was in bed, and a medicine bottle was on a tray at the head of the bed.

"Are you not feeling well, sir ? " inquired Hosokawa in a faltering voice. The old man did not reply. Silence fell on the room. Hosokawa felt as if he were choking.

"Hosokawa! With what purpose do you come to my house, eh?" asked the old man after a few moments silence. The tone of his voice sounded as if he were ridiculing the young man, and compelling him to answer. Hosokawa was silent.

"Eh! Why do you come to my house? Is it to visit me or to flatter my daughter? Answer me!"

The school-master with bent head looked at him through half closed lids, as he gnashed his teeth and clenched his fists on his knees.

"You are aiming at my daughter, eh! You are trying to make my daughter your own, hum!" Hosokawa's hands were trembling.

"Think of yourself! Are you not the school-master of a country school? My former pupils, Takayama and Hasegawa, received university degrees. Even to them

I don't give my daughter! Try to know your own station in life! You blockhead!"

Suddenly the school-master's face turned to crimson, and hot tears fell on his clenched fists. He wanted to say: "Sir, where are your principles? Are you not ashamed of yourself in thinking of titles more than of character?" But he bit his lips and reconsidered: "I had better not come to this house, if I want to dispute with this old man. This is nothing but his craziness."

"Do you want my daughter by any means?" inquired the old man, but the school-master did not say a word.

"Answer me plainly! Do you want her by any means? Answer me as a man, eh!"

Hosokawa raised his head decidedly.

"Yes, sir. I have always desired that Miss Umeko should be my life companion," said he distinctly, as he looked the old man in the face.

"What would you do, if I object to you?"

"I could not do anything, sir."

"Go home! Don't call on me again until I send for you! Go home!" said the old man, and turned his back toward the young man. Hosokawa left the room immediately. Umeko was weeping, having thrown herself down on the mat floor. But, suddenly she arose, and showed him to the door.

"I hope you are not angry with my old father! You know his disposition....." she said imploringly.

"No, Miss. I am not angry. Please take good care of your father..... and of yourself....." He left the house without finishing the sentence.

It was past twelve o'clock when Hosokawa returned home. Where had he been wandering about? One could tell his disappointment by his pale face. His mother was

staying up, waiting for her son. She looked at him wonderingly, and said :

"My dear, have you caught cold again ? It is not good for you to stay out so late, as you are not quite well yet."

"Nothing serious, mother." said he assuming a calm manner, and retired to his own room. The mother sighed quietly, her eyes following her son.

V.

Next day the school master was attending to his usual duties in his school, but, in his heart, he was having a struggle which he had never experienced before. If it had been simply because he was abused by the old man, he could have forgotten it in some way. He had a will strong enough to get over that obstacle, but the trouble was that his struggle was something like a delusion, a problem which he could not solve for

himself. "Why was Umeko weeping the other night? Why did she look at me with tears in her eyes, when I was going to his room? When I disclosed my heart, I am sure, she listened in the next room. She would not cheer me up, if she did not care for me..... Yes, she loves me. At least she does not feel annoyed that I love her." Hosokawa felt that Umeko loved him. However, he could not always bring his reason to accord with his emotions, so while at one moment he felt sure of her love, the next he doubted it, for when the heart became too sure cold reason reminded him that Umeko treated all people kindly and had never shown any especial favor to anyone. Whenever Hosokawa recalled her appealing, imploring expression, he felt as if he was in a happy dream, and his heart was so consumed by his love that he felt as if he would go mad. Poor Hosokawa! He was

continually tormented by the struggle of love, doubt and reproach, whether he was awake or in a dream.

He decided sometime to ask Kurazō to take her a love letter secretly, and thus to show her frankly his whole heart. So he stayed up until two o'clock in the night, and wrote a long letter. But he changed his mind, and tore the letter into pieces. Ten days passed. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon one day when he was on his way home from school plodding along and thinking deeply as usual that he met Kurazō at the foot of the hill. The old servant had a medicine bottle in his hand.

"Mr. school-master! Why haven't you come to see us of late?" asked the old servant pretending that he knew nothing about the matter.

"How is Sir Tomioka feeling?" asked the school-master without answering him.

"Lately he has become very weak, and is in bed. I don't see anything serious the matter at the present, but, I am afraid he will not live very long!" sighed Kurazō.

"Indeed? I would like to go again to inquire after his health, although....." and the school-master dropped his voice sadly.

"Come to see us. You should not mind his quick-temper."

"You are right, I think..... How is Miss Umeko getting along?" asked Hosokawa boldly.

"I am sorry to see her so melancholy these days..... I am sorry....." The sympathetic Kurazō, with his eyes full of tears, turned his face toward the fields.

"I am distressed to hear of this. Is he as particular as ever?"

"No, he does not talk very much, and appears, as if he were half asleep."

"That is strange!" and Hosokawa inclined his head.

"I've never seen him so downhearted even while he was ill. I am afraid this foretells that his last moment is approaching."

"Probably so." remarked Hosokawa knitting his brows.

"Moreover he seems to cease to be obstinate, and is becoming a dotard. I am sorry for him. I know now that a man who is very fastidious by nature is fastidious only when he is well, and when his health declines he ceases to be so fastidious.

"Shall I visit him to-night?"

"Don't be afraid! Be sure to come!"

"All right, I will." After thinking a while Hosokawa said: "Please remember me to Miss Umeko."

"Yes, I will. And be sure to come, sir." said Kurazō. Hosokawa nodded slightly, and they parted. The school-master reason-

ed and weighed the matter carefully, but when night came he did not dare to call on Sir Tomioka.

Three days passed : then one night Kurazō, with a grave look, came to the school-master's, and handed him a letter from Umeko. Hosokawa opened his eyes in wonder. While he was staring at Kurazō, the old servant had gone without saying 'good-bye.'

A letter from Umeko ! Hosokawa's hands quivered ! No wonder that Hosokawa was so much surprised ! No young man in the village had ever received a letter from her ! Not Hosokawa only, but also any young man who knew Umeko could not expect it ! Unsealing the letter, he found that it was only a short note which read as follows :

"I write this note to you at the request of my father who wants you to come im-

mediately, for he has something to talk over with you."

Hosokawa started out in haste. On the way he repeated what the old man had said the other night, and wondered what it had meant: "Don't come until I send for you!" Hosokawa shivered when he recalled the old man's frightful look. However, he was sent for now by the old man. Hosokawa felt, as if some mysterious power was beckoning to him to come or was pushing him from behind. His steps became light unconsciously, and he entered the gate of Sir Tomioka's without hesitation.

Entering the room, Hosokawa found the president of the village and Miss Umeko seated, the old man was sitting up in bed his back propped up against thick cushions. Looking around, Hosokawa noticed from their expressions that something unusual had

occured. They were not only grave, and melancholy, but also very sad. The school-master bowed to them politely, and turned to the old man.

"How are you getting along, sir?"

"I don't feel well a bit." the voice sounded weak.

"If you don't take good care of yourself
....."

"No, I must bid you all farewell."

"Please, don't say so....." and Hosokawa smiled trying to cheer him up. But the old man was quite serious.

"No, I am not such a dotard that I cannot be conscious of my last moment. I don't believe I shall live very long. There, now, I have an important matter to talk over with you."

They stayed in Sir Tomioka's room until ten o'clock. Now and then their voices and the old man's coughing were heard, and a

deep silence reigned in the intervals. The next day the president of the village sent a letter to Takayama in Tokyo. The purport of the letter was as follows :

"Since I received your letter, I have not written to you at all ; for I could not find the opportunity of speaking to the old man about the matter with which I was entrusted by you.

"In your last letter you mentioned the fact that there are two opposite natures fighting in Sir Tomioka's heart. I agree with you in this respect. Just at the time when I received your letter, the obstinate side of his nature was in a rage, and was suppressing the other side. He was out of humor during the day time, and perhaps he was violent even while he was in dreams.

"Let me tell you why he was so. In the beginning of the autumn, he went to Tokyo with the purpose of settling the marriage be-

tween you and Miss Umeko. I am sure I am not mistaken in this presumption. But Tokyo is not the place for him. It annoyed him so while he was in Tokyo, for he had to see the luxurious ways of living of Marquis Etō, Count Inoshita, and his other old acquaintances. To Sir Tomioka this was at once the cause of discontent—as you know, he became obstinate, and irritable because of his discontent. He got angry even at you. I believe he broke up the plan which he had schemed himself. The future happiness of Miss Umeko for which he prospected became uncertain. Now the old man could not understand himself what he was striving for. He became more irritable—desperate, almost to madness. He abandoned himself to drinking, and became so wretched that I could not bear to see him in such a condition.

“One day I started for his house to fulfill

your request. But when I arrived at the gate, I heard him scolding some one. I thought it was not a good time to talk with him, so I left there at once. I was told by Kurazō later that he was rating at his daughter who was so gentle, obedient, and whom he so dearly loved. You will be surprised to know how unruly he was those days.

"No need to tell you that very few acquaintances called on him while he was in such a humor. But there was one person who stayed with him almost every night. I suppose he was sothing the old man while he was in a rage. This was Shigeru Hosokawa whom you know.

"Last night I went to Sir Tomioka's, as I heard that he was confined to his bed lately. I intended to speak to him of your request. I was very much surprised, however, to find how weak he had become in just a few weeks. It seemed as if he had

become weak mentally rather than physically. At any rate, he has ceased to be obstinate. The gentle side of his nature—to quote your expression—has become dominant, he is now simply a sympathetic old man who understands human nature quite readily. He received me in a manner kindly beyond my expectation, saying: “I am so glad you come as I was just intending to send for you.” During the interview, I was entrusted with various matters to be attended to after his death. It seemed as if he was conscious of his approaching last moment. This made me weep sympathetically. As I was about to speak of your request—for I thought that this was the best opportunity for you—the old man began to say something about Miss Umeko. Can you imagine what it was? Probably not, it is beyond expectation. He said: ‘I want to give Umeko to Hosokawa who desires to

make her his own. I hesitated over the proposal for a time, but, after thinking it over, I decided to give him my consent. I believe it will be for the best both for Hosokawa and Umeko. So I ask you to become the negotiator of the marriage.' When I heard this a lump came up in my throat, but, after I considered for a moment, I consented to his request.

"You may think I was unkind to you. But Hosokawa was ahead of you in his proposal, and had received the old man's consent. So you had lost, and I could not do anything for you. When I weighed the matter carefully, I could see clearly that Hosokawa, would have beaten you in the suit finally anyway, whether you had been ahead of the time of his proposal or not. I will not explain the reason, but leave it to your own judgment, for you know Sir Tomiooka's disposition thoroughly well.

"Also I wanted Hosokawa to attain his desire as much as I wished for your success, as I have no feeling of partiality in regard to my friendship for you and Hosokawa.

"As far as I could judge Miss Umeko seemed to be glad to become Hosokawa's wife. Could I not call it a happy marriage? As soon as I consented to become the , Nakōdo' (the negotiator of the marriage), the old man sent for Hosokawa.

"Hosokawa, Miss Umeko, and myself being presented, the old man, with a grave expression, told Hosokawa that he would gladly give him Umeko, and she swore that she had no objection to her father's arrangement that she would marry Hosokawa willingly. Then Sir Tomioka decided that the twentieth of October should be the wedding day. Finally the lot has fallen on the last one.

"I am sure you will send a letter of congratulation to Sir Tomioka and Mr. Hosokawa.'

VI.

Hosokawa and Umeko were happily married. The autumn sky was bright and clear. In the yard of the school-master, Hosokawa, the young bride, with her ~~work-~~ing cap on, was busy starching ~~clothes~~.

Sir Tomioka passed away at the end of November, and X province lost a well known old man. In two or three big newspapers in Tokyo, a long obituary notice appeared: it contained twenty lines; and his former pupil, Tokayama; and his friend, Viscount Nogami; signed their names. Sir Tomioka's acquaintances in X province read the notice, and said: "The old man died at last." Most of the readers overlooked it, but some understood why they put out such a big notice. This was the last threat of the proud Sir Tomioka venting his anger and discontentment. Those who sympathized with the old man shed a tear.

NOTES.

P. 1. 日の出

In honour of a certain LL. B.——洋行する某法學士のために

They sat round a table, expressing their opinions about politics, economics, and even theology.——彼等は卓を圍んで政治經濟論著名の人物評或を神學についてさへも意見を顯はした。

意見を顯はすとか 議論をするとかいふのは expressing their opinions about 或は discussing と英譯してよいが discussing opinions とはいはれぬ。

Once in a while——折々。

Taking for granted that he had graduated from either the one or the other.——二者何れかの學校を勿論卒業したものと推測して。

I don't want you newspaper-man to tease me. ——君、新聞記者は僕をからかつていかん。

Popular fiction——俗向きの流行小説。

Three or four blocks from the sea-shore. ——海岸から三四町。block とは町の廓で距離を表はした普通のいひ方で數字上の尺度ではない。

The dingy appearance.——みすげらしい外見。

Thick-set——背の低いがつしりとした體。

I imbibed the true spirit of education which laid the foundation for my future life.——生涯の基礎となる教育の眞精神を吸き込まれた。

He looked like a poor farmer every inch of him.——彼は純然たる水呑百姓と見えた。

I could not help wondering at the manner of the principal.——校長の様子を見て不審に思はずには居られなかつた。

A well-to-do farmer——有福な百姓。

I fear this depression will get the belt of you.——御前さんはそう屈托して居つては思ふ様に世の中が渡れまいと氣遣はれる。

With heart and soul.——心不亂に。

Any man who knows the common truth of life would admit that.——人間普通の眞理を知つて居る者はあたりまゐの事と思ふであらう。

You must think it out by yourself ——それはお前さんが自分で考へ出さなければならん。

Guiding star.——生涯に導きとなるもの。

He impulsively started to his feet.——思はず立ちあがつた。

No sooner had he made up his mind than he plunged into his task ——決心が定まるや否や 全力を 其仕事に注いだ。

A man of principal.—確固とした主義を持て居る人。

My essays are hardly worth while.—私の論文はろくに値打がない。

A man of good build.—體格のよい人。

Unfaltering hope.—確乎とした希望。

He will see a glorious light which is immortal.—彼は不朽の光明を見るであらう。

Does the whole business.—すべての意味をつくして居る。

Leave it until a true poet shall come out of the Ōshima school.—大島學校から眞の詩人が出るまで作歌のことは捨てゝ置いたがよい。

P. 32. 星

Out of proportion.—不釣合に。

In summer the foliage became dark.—木の葉がこんもり茂て暗くなる。

There was nothing to cut off the view.—眺望を遮ぎるものは何もない。

Hoar-frost.—霜。

Venus.—曉の明星、羅馬の神話では戀の女神。

Arm in arm.—腕を組み合て。

The lovers lingered a while.—戀人達はしばらく躊躇した。

P. 39. 號 外

Crazy.——原文のキ的と意味の通ずる爲に殊更譯文にも俗語を使ったのである。

A narrow side-street——狭い横町。

Fairly good wine.——可成によい酒。

Saloon.* 銘酒屋。

Toper——大酒家。

B. K. shot his arrow toward the sculptor.——加藤は鰐峰を彫刻家に向けた。

What a slovenly way of dressing!——何といふだらしない服装だらう。

However, do not blame them too much.——けれども餘り彼等を非難せぬがよい。

I, myself, was putting on the air of a Carlyle.——私自身もカーライルを氣取てる。

Mars.——羅馬の神話に表れる戰の神。

Yet he had means enough to get along comfortably.——猶彼は不自由なく生活する丈の財産はあつた。

When the Fukui Maru was about to drop anchor——福井丸がまさに投錨せんとする時。

Where bullets were thick.——彈丸の烈しく来る處に
But everything is up now! The war is over!——然し、今は何事もだめだ。戦争はすんだ。

You don't need to trouble this capital hand for such

a commonplace subject!—そんな平凡なことに此名人を煩はすには及ぶまい。

I might say that we are disappointed in some way or other.—我々は何かかに失望して居るといふてもよいだらう。

The ready-witted Nakakura.—頓智のよい中倉。

With such unanimous determination.—一筆一致の決心で。

P. 55. 歸 去 來

P. 55. I.

She went down town to get some presents.—母は町に土産物を買ひに行つた。

I bought without her knowledge.—母に知らせずに買つた。

P. 57. II.

By yourself?—獨りでか。

Your sweetheart.—君の戀人。

普通男から女に對していふ時には sweetheart で女から男に對していふ時には lover であるが時には男女も lover といふこともある。

He will surely tattle about 'us' at the meeting.—彼奴會で二人の事を屹度饒舌るだらう。

正確な意味からいへば 'us' といふ代名詞は婚約ある男

女に使うべきであるが、戯言などにいふのは珍しくない。

P. 57. III.

I had plenty of room to lie down.——横になる場所は十分にあつた。

The rifts of the clouds.——雲の切れ目。

Buoyant with an irresponsible boyish gayety.——無責任な少年の様に元氣よく浮かれて。

P. 60. IV.

Protagonist.——旅行カベソ。

To tell the truth I wanted to leave my feelings at the mercy of my sweet imagination.——實をいふと私は自分の感情を楽しい想像のまゝに任せたいのであつた。

I wonder whom she took after in her eyes!——彼女はあの眼をだれに似たのかしら。

Don't hang round in the train.——汽車のなかにぐずぐずして居るな。hang round は俗語。

P. 61. V

Easy-going men.——氣楽な男。

The future admiral lay down on his back.——未來のアドミラルは仰向に寝た。

Leaning against the window.——窓によりかかつて。

The dimmer the mist the deeper the feeling.——霧

が深くなる程益々感情が深くなる。

P. 66. VI.

The peculiar soft patois.——特種な柔かなものゝ言ひ
振の國訛。

Hesperus.——宵の明星。希臘の神話に表はれる男神。

I got down from the jinrikisha.——私は人力車から下
りた。車から下りる時には I got down from a cart. 或は
I got out of a cart. といふが馬から下りる時には I got off
a horse. といふ。

P. 69. VII.

No doubt my nunt had called on the Ogawa on my
account.——叔母は自分のために小川を訪問したに違ひな
い。

They were looking for me.——彼等は私を待ちうけて
居つた。

With pleasure she is looking forward to the growth of
her boy.——彼女は我子の成長を楽しみにして待つて居る。

P. 72. VIII.

Hide-and-seek.——かくれんぼ。

Mimic battle.——戦争ごっこ。

acrobat.——輕業師。

The next day my father sent for a sawyer to cut up

the log.—翌日は其丸太を切落すために木挽を迎ひにやつた。

Striking boards together.—拍子をうつて。

I felt more like myself.—私は氣が落ちついた。

Turning round.—ふりむいて。

For quite a while.—長らくの間。

The emigration craze.—移民熱、左程効果のないことを厭きたるので craze といふ。

Some of them strayed away to America, no one knew of their whereabouts.—彼等の中には亞米利加までも流離した者があるが、だれも其行方を知らぬ。

P. 78. IX.

Auntie.—Aunt の訛、甘へて呼ぶいひ方。

For goodness sake! —オヤ々。

The Marifu littoral.—麻里布の海岸。

Irritated feeling.—いらいらした心地。

Fellow.—奴。

I have no positive knowledge of him.—私は其男について確としたことを知らぬ。

I might as well ask Aanda to spare a room for me.—淺田に頼んで室を借りても同じことでせう。

Leaving that matter aside.—その事は捨てゝ置いて。

I felt as though our conversation were not quite up to the mark.—自分が第一目的にして居る處に話が達した

いので物足らぬ感がした。

P. 84. X.

Siesta.——晝寝。

A bird's-eye view.——鳥の横に上から景色を見下す。

Helios.——希臘の神話に表れる太陽。Helios は毎日車に乗て空をあるくのでどんな物でも其眼から隠れることが出来ぬ。希臘では嚴肅な宣誓に必ず Helios を祈つた。

It is right to practise these principles with a right motive.——正しい動機で此等の主義を實行するのはよろしい。

Hypocrite.——偽善者

In the arena of business competition.——社界の競争場裡。

At the expense of ethics.——道徳を利用して。

P. 91. XI.

Although there was no such sumptuous treat to be had as I could get at the city.——東京でたべられる様な贅々な御馳走はないけれども。

They are all plain.——皆不器量だ。

P. 94. XII.

The kind Ogawa took the boy into his house to care for him.——親切な小川は 其兒を世話するために自分の家

に引き取つた。

Before dark.—夕暮前。

P. 96. XIII.

Spare room.—客のために特に備へてある室。

There was a difference in the whole atmosphere.—
すべて様子が變て居る。

The members of his family appeared before me one
by one.—彼の家族は一人づつ私の前に出て來た。

He was fidgeting on his cushion.—彼は布團に座で
もちもちして居る。

The old man could ease his mind if the rest of his
children were well settled.—あとの小供達の身が定まれ
ば老人は安心することが出来る。

Nevertheless the more he drank the more he boasted
about his trade.—けれども彼は飲めば飲む程自分の商賣
の自慢をした。

A promising future.—前途有望。

I'm good-for-nothing.—私は役にたたぬ人間だ。

I was aware of my indiscretion as soon as the
words had escaped,—言葉が口から出ると直ぐに自分の
不注意に氣がついた。

The old man held his tongue.—老人はだまつてしま
つた。

The rough waves of the world.—世の荒波。

You are too good for this materialistic world.—貴方は此物質的の社界には人間がよすぎる。

P. 106. XIV.

Iwai Island is silhouetted on the water.—靨島は其黒い影を水にうつして居る。

Holding his breath.—呼吸を凝らし。

Tête-à-tête.—差し向に話をする。

If you don't come right away.—直ぐに貴方が來なければ。

P. 114. XV.

An agony of suspicion and uncertainty began to shake me.—疑惑の苦悶が私を悩ましはじめた。

Hanger-on.—居候。

Sometimes he threw mud even at Mrs. Ogawa and her daughters. 時々彼は小川の要君や娘達に迄悪態をついた。

Wilful as he was.—彼は我儘ではあつたけれども。

P. 117. XVI.

I had neither unfastened the chain nor weighed the anchor.—私は錨もゆるめなければ錨も擧げなかつた。

Shut up!—黙れ。

P. 121. XVII.

I bought a ticket to Tokuyama automatically.——私は
徳山まで切符を無心で買った。

P. 125. XVIII.

His future son-in-law.——彼の未来の婿。

The bridegroom's house.——新郎の家。

He knew no further facts than did my aunt.——彼は
私の叔母が知つてゐるより以上の事實を知らぬ。

I am wandering in the dark.——私は五里霧中にある
のです。

Of course she did not care for Gorô.——勿論彼女は
五郎を嫌つて居りました。

We kept away from Gorô.——私共は五郎から遠つて
居りました。

Aya kept silent, and made no objection concerning
father's arrangement.——綾は黙つて居りまして、父が取極
めた事について故障は申しませんでした。

My love toward Mineo San is unrequited.——私が峯
雄さんに對する戀は たゞ自分が思ふばかりで先方から思は
れて居らぬ。

She thought that everything would go right, if she
bore all burdens silently.——自分さへ黙つて難儀を背負へ
ば萬事都合よく行くと彼女は思ふて居りました。

P. 136. XIX.

Consecutive days.—連日。

We human beings are destined to fight.—我々人間は戦ふべき運命になつて居る。

P. 139. 遺言

I drank to the Emperor's health.—天皇陛下萬歳の祝盃を舉げた。

On boardship.—船中。

Auld Sang Lynne.—薊格蘭の詩人ベーンの詩。

Second blue jacket.—二等水兵。

A bunch of letters.—一束の手紙。

I thought this was going too far for fun.—戯談にしては餘りやり過ぎると思つた。

Atonc for your father's sin by your loyal service.—其方の忠勤によつて父の罪を償へ。

In the field.—戦場に。

Please deport yourself like a man.—何卒男らしく振舞ふて下されよ。

Thereupon Mizuno could not sustain himself longer.—こゝで水野はもう堪へて居ることが出来なかつた。

The listeners were in a state of stupor, as though they had been struck by lightning.—聽いて居る者は電氣に打たれた様にちつと感覚がとまつてしまつた。

They were spell-bound with admiration for his brave mother.—彼等は其母親の勇敢な行爲に感嘆して夢中になつて居た。

P. 147. わかれ

Millionaire.—大金持。

To recuperate his health.—健康を回復するため。

In winter the oaks kept off the cold north wind.—

冬には樅が寒い北風を防ぎ。

A notion store.—雜貨店。

With a face of concern.—心配そうな顔。

A twig at hand.—手近の小枝。

Profile.—横顔。

Men of the world.—當世風の仕事に忙しい人。

The sounds without.—外界の響。

He declared he would gladly lay down even his life for her sake.—彼女の爲には喜んで命でも捨てると告白した。

His love like a mist was standing in the way.—彼の戀は霧の機に行く路に邪魔をして居る。

At the break of day.—曉且に。

Tamiya in spite of himself was going away from her.—田宮は自分の心にそむいて彼女から遠からうとした。

A disastrous charge.—惨しい追撃。

All of a sudden.—突然。

The rush for tickets began.——切符を買ひに行く混雑がはじまつた。

My goal lies at a great distance.——私の目的點は至極遠方にある。

Love and eternal parting go side by side.——愛と永久の別が相並んで行く。

I long after human beings.——私は人間が懐しい。

P. 183. まぼろし

He patted them on the head.——彼は彼等の頭を軽く打つた。

Won't,——will not と同意義で、俗語の否定の言葉。

The last stroke ——最後の打撃。

I cannot help matters.——何とも致し方がない。

He collapsed.——不意の打撃に失望して倒れた。

But pulling himself together.——然し氣をひきしめて。

Coquette.——手管者。

He thought of things of yore.——彼は昔の事を想ふて居た。

His action bespoke his unsettled mind.——彼の舉動で心の落ち付かぬことが分る。

Dotard.——老耄者。

He drank it at a gulp.——彼は大口に飲んだ。

P. 197. 親子

Boulevard.——町場で兩側に木がこんもりして居る路。

Ma'm.——madam の略字。

A hard job.——むづかしい仕事。

Her heart shrank.——彼女の心がすくんだ。

However she collected herself.——けれども彼女は氣を取り直した。

Wet nurse.——乳母。

In the presence of your old father.——御老父の面前で。

The window ran.——窓ガラス。

I will challenge you.——私は挑戦ませう。

Consider yourself hereafter as Sonoko Ōmiya.——此後は大宮園子と願ひなさい。

Sono saw her off at the door.——園は彼女を戸口まで見送った。

Narrow alley.——狭路。

The artist was glad to rack his brain on such a subject.——美術家はこんな問題で苦心することを喜んでゐる。

To and fro.——あちらこちら。

Not to speak of the joy of the old couple.——老夫婦の喜びは言ふに及ばず。

To inquire after your health.——御病氣見舞に。

P. 220. 詩 想

Dreamland — 夢郷,

The deeper the snow drifted the more dangerous the path became — 雪が降れば降る程路が危険になった。

Among the missing — 行方不明の者の中に。

Many travellers dropped in. — 多くの旅人が立ち寄った。

P. 225. 畫 の 悲 み

Contest. — 競技。

Classification. — 組分け。

Some courses. — 成績目。

They all took Shimura's side. — 彼等は皆志村の味方をした。

The boys and girls, anxious to hear their criticism, went nervously in and out of the exhibition room. — 男兒や女兒は參觀人の批評がききたくてたまらないので心配そうに展覽室を出たり入ったりして居た。

His new medium. — 彼が新しく探つた方法。

After crying and raging to my heart's content, I felt a little better. — 飽き足る程泣いたり暴れたりしたので少し気分がよくなつた。

Heavens! — ヤア。女子ならばオヤオヤ。

He is to get ahead of me in whatever I do. — 彼は私のすることを何んでもさきがけする。

A happy smile lighted up his cheeks — 微笑をうれしさうに頬に浮かべた。

I declare. — ヤア。女子ならばオヤマア。

From this time on Shimura became my companion.
此時以來志村は私の仲番になりました。

We took no note of time. — 私達は時のたつのを知らずに居た。

An inexplicable sorrow hung over me. — 何とも言へぬ悲みが今にも身に降りかかつて來そうに見える。

富岡先生

P. 239. I.

Many young men were watching the progress of their suit with a jealous eye. — 若者達は此求婚の成行を妬ましそうに見て居た。

So be it. — それはそうとして。

He took breath as if he had been released. — 彼はゆるされた様にほつと息をついた。

Even the daughter of Kuroda is too much for him.
—— 黒田の娘でさへあの男にはよすぎる。

She cannot come out in the world. — 彼女は世に出ることが出来ない。

Now and then. — 折々。

You don't say so. — 思ひがけぬ事をきいて驚いた時に

いふ俗語。

In a matter-of-fact voice.——事實當然だといふ調子で。

P. 360. II.

Umeko, with her usual smile, was waiting upon them.

——梅子はいつもの笑顔で彼等に給仕をして居た。

Because I wanted her see its sights.——私は彼女に見物をさせたかつたから。

I might excuse those snobs, but I could not stand the way Takayama and Hasegawa acted.——其成上り者達は勘辨してやつてもよいが高山と長谷川の振舞は辛柿することが出来ぬ。

I boxed him on the ear.——私は彼の耳をなぐつた。

The school-master kept company patiently.——校長は辛柿して彼の相手をして居た。

P. 265. III.

You may fail, if you desire too eagerly the speedy completion of this matter.——此事を早く成就しやうと餘りあせると貴方は失敗するかも知れん。

I speak of it for precaution's sake.——私は御注意のために申します。

P. 269. IV.

He looked the old man in the face.——彼は老人を正

面(まとも)に見た。

The mother sighed quietly, her eyes following her son. — 母親は息子の後姿を見送つてそつと歎息をした。

P. 276. V.

Please remember me to Miss Umeko. — 何卒梅子嬢によろしく言ふて下さい。

For he has something to talk over with you. — 彼は貴方と何か相談することがありますから。

The old man was sitting up in bed his back propped up against thick cushions. — 老人は背を厚い布團にもたせかけて起きて居た。

A lump came up in my throat. — 喉がつまつた。

P. 290. VI.

This was the last threat of the proud Sir Tomioka venting his anger and discontentment. — これは傲慢の宮岡先生が怒と不平をもらす最後の一喝であつた。



Facsimile Publisher

12 Pragati Market
Ashok Vihar, Ph-2
Delhi-110052, India
books@facsimilepublisher.com
www.facsimilepublisher.com

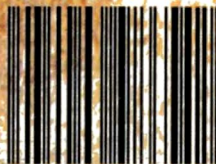
US\$ 19.40

Rs. 970.00

Distributed By :

GYAN BOOKS PVT. LTD.

5 Ansari Road, Daryaganj
New Delhi-110002
E-mail: books@gyanbooks.com
Web: www.gyanbooks.com
Ph. +91-11-47034999



4 444006 986542